The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1915.

Summary of the News

The White Star liner Arabic, sailing from Liverpool to New York, was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine off Fastnet, on the south coast of Ireland, last Thursday morning. This is not far from the place where the Lusitania was sunk. The Arabic went down within ten minutes after she was struck, but owing to the courage and efficiency of captain and crew, who got the passengers off with little confusion, the loss of life was comparatively small. According to a statement given out at the White Star office Saturday night, all but thirty-nine of the 423 persons on board are known to have been saved. The missing and the known dead comprise twelve cabin passengers, six steerage passengers, and twenty-one members of the crew. Among the lost are two Americans, Mrs. Josephine L. Bruguière, of New York, and Dr. Edmund F. Woods, a surgeon of Janesville, Wis., who was returning to this country after a service of three months with the American Ambulance at Neuilly, France.

Doubt as to the status of the Arabic at the time when she was torpedoed was in great measure removed by a communication sent to Washington by Ambassador Page, who stated that the vessel was not under convoy of British warships, and, further, that the submarine gave no warning of its attack. The British Admiralty also asserted that the steamer Dunsley, which was torpedoed in the neighborhood of the Arabic shortly before the latter was sunk, was not a patrol boat, but a "peaceful and unarmed trader." But it was understood that until the sinking of the Arabic was definitely established as a case entirely parallel to that of the Lusitania the President would proceed most cautiously. On Monday Secretary Tumulty gave out the following official announcement: "As soon as all the facts regarding the Arabic are ascertained, our course of action will be determined."

The tenseness of the situation was considerably relieved on Tuesday when Ambassador Bernstorff forwarded to the State Department a communication which he had received from his Government. This document, though not a direct disavowal of the act, is marked by a friendly spirit. Germany states that no official information concerning the sinking of the Arabic was available, and asks that before taking a definite stand this Government will hear the German side of the case. The most significant clause is the following: "If Americans should actually have lost their lives, this would naturally be contrary to our intentions. The German Government would deeply regret the fact, and begs to tender sincerest sympathies to the American Government."

Italy's declaration of war against Turkey dates from Saturday, on which day the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople presented to the Ottoman Government the formal announcement, together with his country's reasons therefor, as follows: the support given by Turkey to the revolt in Libya and the detention of Italian residents in Syria. This action by Italy was foreshadowed in dispatches of last week which reported at Otranto and other ports a mobilization of fast cruisers and transports headed presumably for the East; and on Monday it was announced that the ships had sailed under sealed orders.

Italy's appearance in the eastern theatre of the war may or may not be taken as the prelude to Rumania's entrance on the same side. Although present indications are that one or more of the Balkan states will soon set aside their neutrality in favor of the Allies, the situation is so complicated that prediction is not easy. Bulgaria is apparently waiting for satisfactory concessions from Servia and Greece, and, though Servia seems ready to accede to the agreement, Greece, at present writing, even with the pro-Ally Venizelos back at the head of the Government, is coyly non-committal. An entirely different outcome of the situation is foreseen in dispatches coming from Berlin to Sayville, which affirm that Turkey and Bulgaria have signed a new treaty, "Turkey granting Bulgaria her desired direct railway connection with the sea, and Bulgaria agreeing to observe a benevolent neutrality, if not more."

By the capture, on Thursday of last week, of the fortress Novogeorgievsk, the Austro-German armies came into possession of 700 guns and a large quantity of war material, took prisoners variously stated at 20,000 and 85,000, and seriously imperilled Russia's second line of defence. On August 23 Ossowetz fell, and now the strong Russian position at Brest-Litovsk is said to be almost untenable. In the north the capture of Kovno has been followed by a fresh offensive on the part of Gen. von Hindenburg with the object of taking Riga and the Warsaw-Petrograd Railway from Vilna northward. This attack was met with stubborn resistance, and a German fleet which entered the Gulf of Riga, to coöperate with von Hindenburg, had to withdraw after suffering severe losses. Between the 16th and 21st of this month, three German cruisers, eight torpedo boats, and one submarine are said to have been either sunk or disabled, while a German Dreadnought, possibly the Moltke, is reported to have been torpedoed by an English submarine.

The presence of this submarine in the Baltic probably explains the destination of another English submarine, E-13, which ran aground on the Danish island of Saltholm, and while in that helpless condition was fired on by a German torpedo boat. It appears also that when the crew abandoned the submarine, they were attacked by machine guns and shrapnel. The survivors have been interned in Denmark, but Danish newspapers profess indignation at what is called a deliberate infringement of neutral territory, and it is probable that Germany will be called upon to explain this action.

If they had come in a week less filled with important happenings, the naval engagements of the past few days would receive first place in any summary of news. Aside from the encounters already recorded, it should be noted that on August 19 five German torpedo-boat destroyers are said to have met a small British cruiser and eight destroyers off the west coast of Jutland, sinking the cruiser and one destroyer. According to the report, which comes from Berlin, the German craft suffered no losses. Also, on Sunday French torpedo boats sank a German destroyer off Ostend, the French Admiralty has announced. Meanwhile German submarines have had a busy week. Leaving out of account the Arabic and Dunsley, already mentioned, they have sunk, since we last wrote, eleven British steamers, one Spanish, two Norwegian, and one Belgian, besides three sailing vessels whose registry is not given in the dispatches. An official statement given out in London places the loss to British shipping in the week ended August 18 at thirteen vessels. Eleven were sunk by submarines and two by mines. Their gross tonnage was 22,970.

A formal declaration was issued by the British Foreign Office, on August 21, designating cotton an absolute contraband of war, and France is expected to make a similar statement. Accompanying the announcement is a proposal by the British Government to initiate measures to relieve the depression which temporarily disturbs the cotton market. And in this country, which is expected to enter a protest against the declaration, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has announced that he will deposit, if necessary, $30,000,000 in the Reserve Banks at Richmond, Atlanta, and Dallas to enable them to assist in financing the cotton crop.

A favorable reply to the Pan-American note directed to the leaders of the several factions in Mexico has been received from Villa and Zapata, but it is understood that Carranza is still holding out defiantly. As some difficulty has been experienced in locating the generals of the various leaders, whose assent to the note is desired, the work of the conference is likely to be delayed beyond expectation.

Order was not entirely restored in the Republic of Hayti by the election of a President, which we announced last week. To reinforce the American marines already there, the Navy Department has dispatched the armored cruiser Tennessee carrying the Marine Artillery Battalion, which comprises 350 men and twelve 3-inch field pieces.

The American steamship Dacia, condemned by a French prize court owing to her transfer from German to American registry after the outbreak of the war, has been sold. She has been rechristened Yser and sails under the tricolor.

The letter to ex-Gov. Stokes of New Jersey in which Justice Hughes refused to permit his name to be considered as a Presidential candidate in 1916 was published last week. Justice Hughes states emphatically that his duty to the Supreme Court forbids his entrance into politics.

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The Week

A new phase has been put upon the case of the Arabic by the communication sent to the State Department by the German Government on Tuesday, through its Ambassador, Count Bernstorff. This document, which is quoted in part in other columns, is not indeed a direct disavowal of the act, and will no doubt be interpreted in some quarters as a sophistical argument. It will be asked, How, if Germany was bent upon continuing her policy of torpedoing merchant ships without warning, could she have expected that the lives of American citizens would not sooner or later be lost? If the act was contrary to orders received from the Admiralty, why should she not have said so in so many words? But the main point is that Germany has, by this latest communication, shown a desire to maintain friendly relations with this country, and has asked, quite reasonably, that the Government at Washington wait until the German side of the case can be examined before taking a definite stand. The way seems certainly left for a peaceful settlement of the matter.

Names like Delbrück, Dernburg, Harnack, Theodore Wolff, von Donnersmarck are subscribed to a memorial addressed to the German Chancellor protesting against the demand for annexation of conquered territory as one of Germany's peace conditions. In numbers the anti-annexationists are apparently in a minority, but they stand so close to the ruling powers as to raise the question whether the protest has not the sympathy of the Kaiser and his Ministers. The memorial challenges the wisdom of annexation as a general policy, dwells on the difficulties which Germany has experienced in assimilating alien populations, and emphasizes the long heritage of hate which a ruthless policy is bound to leave behind it. There are, of course, immediate considerations, though these are not stated in the memorial. But it must be plain that any tendencies towards peace outside of Germany will be discouraged if Germany lets it be known that she is determined to exact her pound of flesh. It means, in other words, a prolongation of the war, a fight to the bitter end. The annexationists would pretend that Germany can face such a contingency boldly. But we have now some of the best-known names in the empire as evidence to the existence of a very real longing for peace among a large part of the German people.

We speak of the anti-annexation element in Germany as apparently in a minority, because most of the important political parties have spoken out in favor of exigent peace terms. The Agrarian-Conservative forces were the first in the field. The National Liberty Party took an emphatic position. Last week the parliamentary committee of one of the radical parties, the *Freisinnige Volkspartei*, pronounced in favor of future guarantees through necessary territorial expansion. Thus all shades of opinion, from reactionary to radical, and not impossibly a shade of Socialist opinion even, are for a policy of Thorough. But, on the other hand, the great bulk of Socialist opinion is unquestionably opposed to territorial expansion, and the Catholic Centre has not spoken out as yet. Between them, the Socialists and Centrists have a majority in the Reichstag and among the electorate. The jingo element is therefore not so superior numerically as its activity would indicate. The Socialists by themselves would have to be reckoned with seriously, and we may yet see the curious alignment of Socialists with men like the signatories of the protesting petition in favor of moderate terms of peace. It would be a powerful combination.

Problems of war finance have become acute in every belligerent state. They are possibly more acute in Germany than elsewhere, because Germany's war expenses must have far exceeded those of any other belligerent, and because, in Germany, the profits of productive industry must have been disastrously impaired by her exclusion from foreign commerce since the war began. Nevertheless, it would be wholly premature to say that Germany's economic resources are exhausted. Wars have been fought, long before this, on the basis of forced loans, or what is more euphemistically and familiarly known as issue of irredeemable government paper money. To this, as a direct expedient of the state, Germany has not yet resorted. No Government in these days would willingly have recourse to an expedient so discredited, and so certain of bad results in the longer future. But the fact remains that even the most costly war has never heretofore been stopped by the mere inability of a Government to place its long-term loans. Whether, now or hereafter, the demoralizing financial possibilities of the continued war expenditure will induce the German Government to negotiate for peace, is another question. It is one thing to say that a Government can continue to command the resources necessary to pursue a war; it is something different to assume that the people will acquiesce in the incidental burdens. Beyond this, it must always be remembered that this war, with its absolutely unprecedented daily cost and its far-reaching influence on the accumulated wealth of the nations involved, presents in some respects an economic problem new to history.

In France the truce of parties which arose out of the national need with the outbreak of war has been showing signs of strain. The controversy which has arisen over the transfer of Gen. Sarrail from command of the army of Verdun to the army in Gallipoli marks the reappearance of the old jealousies between radicals and conservatives, between clerical and anti-clerical. After the early disasters of the war, Gen. Joffre received a free hand in clearing the army of incompetent general officers. The crisis had to be met. To-day the feeling is apparently that there is no need for summary action, especially in the case of the man who helped greatly to win the battle of the Marne. In this respect the situation resembles the one in England during the unsuccessful drive of Northcliffe against Kitchener. But in France the question is something more than one of personalities. In Paris there has been a general movement for the vindication of Parliamentary authority as against the Cabinet and the high command. The parties in the Chamber have demanded that representatives of the Parliamentary commissions be kept in full touch with affairs military and political, and Premier Viviani has virtually consented. Here we see something of the traditional fear among French Republicans of centralization of power, fear of oligarchy, or, as the extremists would put it, of dictatorship. Germany might point to such party stirrings in France as a cheerful augury for her own cause. But it is just as reasonable to argue that there would be no internal bickerings in France if the menace from the outside were as real as it was a year ago. If defeat were confronting the nation, the claims of parties would not be asserted.

The entrance of the Italian army into the Dardanelles campaign should mean something more than the addition of so many men to the Allied forces—namely, increased efficiency. Given the enormous importance of a large amount of ammunition, the proximity of the source of supply is a factor that counts. From Marseilles to the Dardanelles by the regular commercial routes is about

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ten days. From England the time must be near a fortnight. From Brindisi to the Dardanelles by direct transport is three days or less. The landing place for the Italian troops will probably be Enos, well above the neck of the Gallipoli Peninsula. This has the double effect of threatening the communications of the Turks operating in the Gallipoli strip, and, by forcing an extension of their line, weakening the resistance along the present points of contact with the British and French forces. Of further significance is the effect of an extension of the Allied line upon sentiment in Bulgaria. Statesmen may be decided in their course by considerations far beyond the moment. But popular opinion is feeling shaped by tangible facts. The extension of the Allies' line into the interior of Turkey, a close approach to Constantinople, would be a concrete fact powerfully affecting Bulgarian sentiment. As the war moves nearer to Constantinople, to Adrianople, to its own frontiers, Bulgaria's hesitations must come to an end.

The business shrewdness of Henry Ford, and the emphasis he lays upon practical reasons in announcing his crusade against the militaristic propaganda in America, will inspire respect in circles that would be inattentive to an Eliot or a Jordan. His appearance in the lists, moreover, will encourage those who believe that thousands of hard-headed business men like himself feel precisely as he does, though perhaps not with that intensity which his idealistic strain gives him. Why the unthinking should look upon all military advocates as tough-minded men, and all peace advocates as tender-minded, is no mystery. It is easy to label an unwillingness to be scared by bogies as a visionary optimism, and a prejudice against needless burdens and exaggerated "preparedness" as a trait of the mollycoddle. The tough-minded man is the one who looks behind all this throwing of epithets and raising of nightmares, and applies a pragmatic test to the assertions of those who urge arming to the teeth. Mr. Ford plainly admits that he does not know exactly how he will go about his work; but he avows his belief that Americans can be taught "that war does not threaten us, that war cannot reach us, that the fulness of peace is our inheritance, not the burden of militarism, with its heavy hand that curbs liberty, and its foul sustenance upon the blood, the liberty, and the toil-earned happiness and goods of the worker." Such confidence is simply confidence in the penetrating common-sense of the people.

Just when we were being constantly assured that improper practices of railway officials and directors had come to an end, we got so shocking a story as that recently of the looting of the St. Louis & San Francisco. Now we have the true inwardness of the ruining of the Rock Island Railroad by the conscienceless syndicate that plundered it. As in the cases of the Alton and the New Haven, the whole trouble was that the managers exploited the property for their own benefit. No one cared a straw about the rights of the stockholders. The Interstate Commerce Commission traces $20,000,000 wasted in unwise and improper deals "outside the proper sphere in which stockholders had a right to suppose their moneys were invested." Of this $1,000,000 was calmly voted to the officers in the form of gratuities. The crux of the whole thing lies in the attitude of directors like Mr. Daniel G. Reid, who testified that he burns his books at the end of every month, and so could not explain his profits from the various transactions in which he as a director took part, and in the testimony of George P. Boggs, a director and the secretary of the board of directors:

Question: Do you consider that the directors of a railway company, a public-service corporation, have the right to do whatever they please with the money of the railway company?

Answer: As in their judgment seemed right; yes.

Question: Did it ever occur to you that the money in the treasury of the railway company was the result of taxation of the public in passenger and freight tariffs, and that the public had an interest in the funds in the treasury?

Answer: I don't know that I ever thought of it particularly.

Question: And did it ever occur to you that in taking money from the treasury of the railway company, a public-service corporation, an additional burden was placed upon the passenger and freight traffic in order to make good the loss?

Answer: No; I never thought of it in that light.

Question: You don't believe it now, do you?

Answer: No.

Surely, the public-spirited railway men of this country must recognize that it is revelations like this that prevent friendly relations between the public and their roads. It would be extremely wise if railway officials like President Elliott, of the New Haven, President Rea, of the Pennsylvania, and President Holden, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, would jointly let the public know how they feel about these disclosures.

Judge Hughes shows that he is *tenax* as well as *justus* in the matter of a possible nomination for the Presidency. In his letter to ex-Gov. Stokes of New Jersey, he made it plain to his fellow-Republicans that they must give up all hope of having him as a candidate next year. The Judge simply will not have it. He even goes so far as to say that, if nominated in the face of his protests, he would not accept. This seems to be final. And it is no ostentatious refusal of what could not be had. We did not need the Colonel's expression of willingness to accept a Republican "like Hughes," to make it sure that, if the Judge would only silently acquiesce in a movement to nominate him in 1916, it would gain irresistible force. But Mr. Hughes made the great political renunciation when he accepted appointment to the Supreme Court. To his mind, this meant complete devotion to judicial work, which he would never permit the buzzing of politicians to interrupt or impair. However much we may regret this decision, no one can deny that it is a fine example of a lofty sense of public duty. At a time when the judiciary has been exposed to such varied attacks, and made the object of so much suspicion, Judge Hughes appears to have felt that he could perform no greater service than, so far as in him lies, to take one high court out of politics. And we may be certain that he has set a precedent that will long endure. Supreme Court judges have not, in the past, been so scrupulous in putting away political ambition. Chief Justice Chase had so long been an aspirant for the Presidency that he could not wholly give it up even when on the bench. Judge Stephen Field was often talked of as a Democratic candidate, and did not say the party blandishers nay. But hereafter, we believe, the position which Judge Hughes has taken will be regarded as binding upon at least all judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. When men enter that great tribunal of justice, they must abandon all hope of political preferment.

In this year of unparalleled human slaughter it is noteworthy that the committee of the Constitutional Convention to which the question of the death penalty was referred has decided upon an amendment which at least leaves with the jury the choice between death and life imprisonment. This would put New York in line with the bulk of the American commonwealths, twenty-seven of which have such a law. The advocates of the abolition of capital punishment will, of course, be disappointed; they had hoped that New York would be the eighth State to abolish it, particularly as Mr. Osborne has thrown himself so whole-heartedly into their

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cause, and his Assistant Warden, Mr. Johnson, who supervised the killing of Becker, is so emphatic in his opposition to any further executions. To offset any criticism as to the substitution of life imprisonment at the option of the jury, the Albany Committee has specified that no one sentenced to life imprisonment shall have that sentence commuted or be pardoned, save on legal proof of his innocence. This is a complete answer to those who oppose life-imprisonment on the familiar ground that "a 'lifer' almost never serves out his term."

"About this time, begin to look out for the Committee of One Hundred." Thus might read a line in any accurate Philadelphia almanac for August, 1915. The contractor-politicians have recovered from any dismay they may have felt when Blankenburg was elected four years ago, and seem to be prepared to take the bold step of nominating for Mayor one of the notorious Vare brothers. The machine is divided now as then. The Penrose-McNichol part of it is no more favorable to Vare's candidacy than it was in the last campaign, and has suggested name after name in a hunt for that much-desired "harmony" which went to pieces in 1911. But the Vares are uncompromising. They see a chance to "come back." Penrose won in the primaries with Earle four years ago, but lost the election. Why should not the Vares face the primaries again as contentedly as their party rivals? Meanwhile, steps are being taken to bring about a new fusion among the opponents of both their houses. Beginning with the Washington and Democratic City Committees, the Committee of One Hundred plans to weld into a single organization every independent political force in the city. The problem will be to select a strong candidate who is acceptable to the diverse elements behind him.

Leo Frank's lynching convulsed the country, but a day later three negroes were lynched in Alabama, and the event passed unnoticed. What was the terrible crime of these black men? They had been "accused of poisoning mules"! Held by the authorities on that charge, of which it would seem there was no proof, they were let go, only to be murdered by a mob. It is all of a piece with the lynching of Frank. The fearful thing is the spirit of utter lawlessness and brutality; the victims of it do not signify, except as now and then a case of exceptional ferocity acts as a lightning-flash to show to the nation the abyss on the edge of which it has been standing. What we have to reckon with, and what we have to fight, is a monstrous state of mind. We have allowed infuriated men to believe that they are right in brushing aside judges and juries and the officers of the law, and making themselves the instruments of vengeance. A man named Crum, a citizen of Tennessee, was recently lynched in Arkansas. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* had a letter from Osceola, Ark., signed "One of the Executioners of Crum," in which the writer boldly took the ground that he and his fellow-lynchers "did not propose taking any chances" of having Crum tried in court for his alleged crimes. This is the barbarism, naked and unashamed, which inheres in all lynching. As it is a direct blow at civilized society by savages, civilized society has to gird itself in defence against this irruption of cave-men into the modern world.

If we are sending destruction to Europe in the form of munitions, we are also doing our best to care for her culture. At regular intervals, our fellow-citizen, Walt Mason, who gets his mail at Emporia, Kan., forwards to the London *Chronicle* one of his characteristic effusions. There they appear under the head, "War Lyrics." A recent one was entitled "A Hymn of Hate." Mr. Mason bears no ill-will against "the greasy Turk who stabs me with a rusty dirk. He thinks he is within his rights, he acts according to his lights." He does not bear a grudge against even "the howling Hun who shoots me with his ten-foot gun." What roughens his spirit is "the fraud who loudly rants of virtue while he drowns my aunts." If anybody in England can write like this, he has carefully concealed his ability. Only our own poetry-factories are capable of turning out this product. Fairness would require that it be shipped to both sides in the war, with, of course, such changes as would adapt it to the respective sensibilities of its several recipients.

The latest list of Prussian losses brings up the total to exactly one and three-quarter millions, according to a Copenhagen dispatch, which then proceeds to estimate the losses for the whole Empire at three and three-quarter millions. This is like the undergraduate's expense account, which itemizes $250 and adds a thousand dollars under "sundries." The casualties for the non-Prussian states of Germany may be safely estimated at about one-third the Prussian wastage, so that on the basis of the published lists the casualties would run up to 2,300,000; and if we remember that the lists are always in arrear, the German losses at the present moment may be placed at about two and a half millions. These figures are very nearly confirmed by the estimates made by a member of the British General Staff about a month ago in connection with certain proceedings in the prize court. Major Dillon reckoned the German wastage then at about two millions, describing his figures as probably an underestimate. With a monthly loss of about a quarter of a million, owing to the grand sweep of German operations, we obtain virtually the same results as the published lists would indicate.

More impressive than the drain of actual casualties are the figures illustrating the strain involved in Germany's mighty efforts to raise and maintain her armies. The German trade-unions published at regular intervals figures of the union members summoned to the colors. In July, 1914, the union membership numbered 2,300,000, or one-fifth of the total male wage-earning population between seventeen and sixty. By last May, 45 per cent. of the union membership had been mobilized. By now the rate is probably near to 50 per cent. In other words, of the 11½ million wage-earners, more than five million have been brought under the colors. Applying the same ratio of 50 per cent. to the five million German males of the professional, learned, official, and leisured classes, we get another two and a half millions, which would make a total of more than seven and a half millions. These figures are confirmed by the statistics for aid rendered to dependent families in Berlin, which would show that Berlin has sent 220,000 men to the war, a ratio which for the whole Empire would give 7,414,000 men. Finally, add the standing army at the outbreak of the war, about 880,000 men, and you obtain a grand total of 8,300,000 men in service. Subtract the casualties, with allowance for the return of the less seriously wounded, and you get six and a half million men. Deduct further about three-quarters of a million men still in training and the garrison troops in the interior, and you get about five million men as the present fighting strength of Germany. As for the remaining working population, from the five and a half million workers between seventeen and sixty, we must subtract the men engaged in serving the needs of the war, estimated at more than three millions, so that about two and a half million workers are left to supply the general needs of the Empire.

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OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY AGAIN IMPERILLED.

It is needless to heap up words to show how critical is the situation caused by the latest German outrage at sea. The facts in the matter of the torpedoing of the Arabic speak for themselves. The whole tale is not yet told, but enough is known to prove that the commander of the German submarine acted in defiance of the distinct warning given by President Wilson in his last note to the German Government. For this it is possible that the German authorities may apologize. The first step taken by Washington would naturally be to demand such an apology. It has all along been a peril to our friendly relations with Germany that they were left at the mercy of some hot-headed or blundering lieutenant of the German navy. If the officer in command of the submarine which sank the Arabic, without warning and without pity, exceeded his instructions or disobeyed positive orders, Germany should promptly disavow him and offer amends. She should quickly receive the chance to do so, in order that she may not be able to say, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* said of the commander of the submarine which sent the Lusitania to the bottom, that it was impossible for his Government to disavow an officer whom it had already praised and rewarded for the very act in question.

It is a hideous business, this sinking of passenger ships at sea, whether American interests are directly involved or not. It is a clear violation of the rules of civilized warfare. It is an indelible blot on the reputation of a country guilty of it. That in this instance nearly all the passengers and crew escaped with their lives does not in the least affect the moral or even the legal character of the act. Between a murderous assault that fails and one that succeeds there is no ethical difference; there is very little difference in law. The outrage and the lawlessness are the same, whether one life was lost or one thousand. Either way, it is a thing to be denounced by all humane men. But the American Government has, of course, no occasion to move in the affair determinedly, unless American rights were violated. Were they?

Notice, in the first place, that none of the pitiful excuses advanced in the case of the Lusitania can be applied to the Arabic. She was sailing west, not east. She had no war munitions on board. There is no room for the lame theory of a secondary internal explosion to account for her sinking so quickly. It cannot be alleged that Germany was saving the lives of her own sons by destroying a cargo of guns and shells destined to her enemies. To be sure, the convenient but damnable doctrine of "military necessity" might be pressed into service. The Arabic was sailing to bring back more ammunition, therefore it was the same as if she had it in her hold! This argument would, obviously, justify the murder of any one engaged in the preparation of war supplies, all the way back. Germany could assassinate men in our mines or mills and then say, with as good a grace as in the case of the Arabic, that it was "necessary" in order to prevent bullets or rifles from being used against German soldiers.

Americans were on board the Arabic, as they had full right to be. Two of them were lost, and the lives of other Amercians "put in jeopardy" by the submarine attack; that was the phrase which President Wilson used in his solemn warning to the German Government. Were these Americans few or many, in the second-class or in the steerage, the duty of our Government to protect them in their rights, and to assert the full measure of our dignity as a neutral nation, remains unquestioned. And apart from President Wilson's notification, which was explicit enough, the German Government had ample reason to know that another event like the Lusitania would bring on a crisis with this country. The expressions of the American press left no doubt of that. It is also generally understood that from the German Embassy in this country, and from other sources of German information, Berlin was plainly told that if a war with the United States was wanted, the surest way to bring it on would be to go on sinking merchantmen with Americans on board.

Now, that Germany really desires war with this country, we have never believed and do not now believe. Nor do the people of the United States wish to go to war with Germany. Unhappily, the relations of two nations sometimes become hostile without any real popular animosity on either side. And that the still unsettled controversy over the Lusitania, with the perilous question of the Arabic now added to it, constitutes something like a crisis, it would be in vain to deny. It is to President Wilson that his countrymen will now look for the right leadership. All the dispatches from Washington agree that, while he is greatly concerned, he has not lost poise or calm. He will first ask for all the facts. Then he will come to his decision. No one imagines that he will for a moment think of retreating from the positions deliberately taken by him in his official communications to the German Government. The only question is in what way he will fulfil his pledge to omit no word or act to uphold the unquestioned rights of Americans on the high seas. If the whole truth about the Arabic shall make it evident that her torpedoing was what the President described in advance as a "deliberately unfriendly" act, then our relations with Germany cannot, without apology and reparation from her, remain friendly. In that event, and in case the German Government gives us no satisfaction, the probability is that we shall see what has so often been talked of in Washington—namely, the recall of Ambassador Gerard and the withdrawal of Ambassador Bernstorff.

COTTON AS CONTRABAND.

Great Britain's decision to declare cotton contraband of war was evidently come to very reluctantly. The Government yielded only to great pressure. This was partly military, partly popular. And it was strengthened by the public utterances of English scientists, like Sir William Ramsay, who pointed out the indispensable part which cotton plays in the manufacture of high explosives. To keep supplies of it from reaching Germany was, therefore, it was argued, the same thing as keeping from the enemy munitions of war. But this is no more clear to-day than it was a year ago. Why was not the step taken then? Why did Sir Edward Grey give assurances not merely that cotton had not been placed on the contraband list, but that it would not be?

The explanation is to be found in a variety of motives. England was anxious to avoid disturbing the export trade of the United States. She was also desirous that the neutral countries of Europe should receive their normal supplies of American cotton. There were thus trade reasons and also reasons of diplomacy why Great Britain hesitated. And the Government must also have been unwilling to reverse the historic British position respecting cotton as contraband. When Russia, at the time of her war with Japan, declared cotton contraband, the English Government made a vigorous protest. This did not avail, to be sure, but it served to put Great Britain on record. So did the Declaration of London, which enumerated cotton among the articles which should never be declared contraband. To this the British delegates agreed, though the Declaration was not afterwards ratified by

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Parliament and is not regarded by our own Government as binding. Still, the British attitude has been so clearly defined in the past that the present abandonment of it must be a bit awkward for the Government. Of course, it can say that military necessity has compelled it to change its mind, but this somehow sounds like learning from the enemy.

American precedent has been cited for this English action. In our Civil War cotton was held contraband. But the two cases are not at all parallel. This was admitted in advance by Professor Holland, of the chair of international law at Oxford, when the protest against Russia's declaring cotton contraband was under discussion eleven years ago. He asserted that examination of the alleged American precedent would show that it had "no bearing on the question under consideration." The reason is plain. The North did not treat Southern cotton as if it had anything to do with munitions of war, except in their purchase. Cotton was the equivalent of money to the South. For that reason, it was classed among war supplies. As Secretary Bayard wrote long after in explanation: "Cotton in fact was to the Confederacy as much munitions of war as powder and ball, for it furnished the chief means of obtaining those indispensables of warfare." This is obviously very different from seizing cotton because it is an ingredient of explosives. The effect in the two cases may be the same, but the reasoning is unlike.

Many vexing questions arise in connection with contraband. Cotton is only one illustration. The fact is, as Prof. John B. Moore states in his pamphlet on "Contraband of War," the law of contraband is not settled. Can a belligerent declare anything it pleases contraband? The old contention was that it could. The right was supposed to be a part of a nation's "sovereign" power. But this is not now conceded. The general rule is held to be that "no extension of the contraband list can be made by any one sovereign to the detriment of all the rest without their consent." But how to get their consent? There's the rub. Despite all the efforts to obtain an agreement at The Hague and at London, the question of contraband remains, as Professor Moore puts it, "unsolved." It is one of the things which international Congresses will have to wrestle with after the war.

What recourse has a nation which believes that the inclusion in the contraband list of an article like cotton is a "detriment" to it? It can, first of all, register its protest. This the United States did at the time when Russia made cotton contraband. Our Government urged that there should be "no relaxation" of the established distinctions with regard to contraband, and that the one criterion to maintain was "warlike usefulness and destination." But to-day, of course, England will assert precisely that warlike usefulness in respect of cotton. Yet it is to be expected that Washington will nevertheless file a protest at London, which will look forward to possible claims for damages, after the war is over. This is the second remedy which a neutral nation has. It can also appeal to treaty agreements. Our treaty with Great Britain of 1794 would appear to give us clear ground for indemnification, in case cotton cargoes are confiscated. But all these questions, with the actual effect on our export trade, must remain for the future.

THE GERMAN BLOWS AT RUSSIA.

Of the great fortresses in Poland, only one, Brest-Litovsk is in Russian hands, and any day may bring news of its fall. The fall of Warsaw had more political than military significance. The conquest of Novogeorgievsk, while a brilliant feat of arms, had only a secondary meaning, since the tide of battle had surged far beyond the fortress, and its reduction was in the nature of a cleaning-up operation. With the fall of Kovno, on the other hand, there went down not merely a great fortress, but the northern pivot of the line to Brest-Litovsk, which was generally regarded as the second line of Russian defence. The Germans are in a position to assert that their deeds supply an immediate commentary on the boasts of the Allies. While people were reading the Russian Minister of War's apologia, his insistence on the line of the Bug and the Niemen as the real line of Russian defence, while he was emphasizing the failure of the Germans around Kovno, that place was already in German hands. With Brest-Litovsk it may be a question of hours. The line of the Niemen and the Bug is virtually gone. The question is where next the Russians can rally, if they rally at all.

If the Germans are not content with the new line along the Bug and the Niemen, if their object is to press forward until the destruction of the Russian armies is accomplished, we may take it that the aim will be not to throw a ring around the Russian armies, but to break the connection between the Russians in the north and in the south. A complete "encirclement" seems impossible on so vast a terrain. But if the Russians from Brest-Litovsk south to the Galician border can be separated from the armies falling back from the Niemen, the process of disorganization will have been notably advanced. If, on the other hand, unity of the Russian forces is to be maintained, it means a further retreat to the line from Vilna through the Pinsk marshes to Rowno in the south. Along this line there is railway connection. If Vilna goes, as seems not unlikely, a further retirement in the north becomes necessary until the Russians stand along the railway running from Minsk, to the west of the historic Beresina, southwestward to Pinsk and Rowno. In this position the Russians would still have railway connection with Petrograd, behind them would be the line to Moscow, and in the south the railways to Kiev would be intact.

Such a retreat involves difficulties. It means a retirement through great stretches of swamp land, with few roads and consequent strain on the railways. But this line once attained, it is doubtful whether the Teutons' drive would press it hard. The deployment of their forces would be hampered in turn by the unfavorable ground, their lines of communication would be enormously extended—Minsk is 215 miles from Brest-Litovsk—and time, which must still count in the German scheme, would run heavily against them. So that a close pursuit of the Russians far beyond the Bug is not very likely. To have driven the Czar's armies so far into the interior might be regarded as reducing them to comparative helplessness. In the north the attack might be pressed against Riga and Dwinsk, with the suggestion of a threat against Petrograd. On the greater part of their line the Germans would seemingly be at liberty to turn their attention to the Balkans, Italy, or France.

The question is whether the Russians, pushed so far back, can really be reduced to a point where they no longer count. Opinion in the Allied capitals is that they can always constitute a sufficient menace to keep engaged the great bulk of the German troops now massed in the east, and that, while the increase of German strength in the west may be considerable, it cannot come with sufficient force to threaten the Allied position there. This is not over-optimism. It is possible to draw a parallel between the situation to-day and in 1870-71. If we think of all Europe as a single theatre of war, corresponding to the France of forty-five years ago, then the great siege

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operations in the west to-day may be thought of as corresponding to the siege of Paris in 1870-71, while the rôle of Russia to-day would be that of the French armies in the provinces. We know how busily employed the German generals were kept by those raw levies, whose ultimate defeat was certain, but who nevertheless gave Moltke many an anxious moment around Paris. We know how large a part of the German forces were diverted to the campaigns in Normandy, in the north, and around Belfort. Until total disorganization befalls the Russian armies, their influence on the main theatre of war will continue to be felt.

THE FIASCO OF THE INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION.

The Federal Commission on Industrial Relations expired by limitation on August 23. In public esteem, it expired long ago. In fact, it may almost be said to have died a-borning. This was partly on account of the nature of the task set it, but much more because of its personnel. The appointments to the Commission were not such as to do credit to President Wilson's information or his perspicacity. Two or three of the members were fit for their job, but the rest speedily showed that they were not. And the Chairman, Mr. Walsh, promptly seized the earliest and every occasion to advertise himself as a blatherskite. The fated result we now see. The Commission broke up in total confusion. There were nine members, and at least ten different opinions. No general report could be agreed upon for submission to Congress. Each Commissioner had to go it alone, or else be one of several small groups to sign separate and conflicting findings and recommendations. And in this multitude of counsellors who were quarrelling with each other, Congress expected to find wisdom!

We referred to the difficult duty assigned to the Commission, at the time of its creation. This was of a sort to test the skill and judgment of the ablest men in the country. Even they might easily have failed, except as they reached a few cautious and tentative conclusions. For who could be bold enough, and sufficiently sure of himself and all the facts, to assert that he had positively isolated and identified "the causes of industrial unrest"? Who could be so cocksure as to believe that he had discovered the appropriate and infallible remedies? To a man like Walsh, to be sure, all this seems ridiculously easy. All the knots in our industrial and social system he undertakes to unloose, familiar as his garter. But to sober inquirers and open-minded students, the whole problem is too vast, and at the same time too delicate, to be attacked by the methods of a country lawyer or an agitator. They know what labor, what patience, what racking of the brain must precede fruitful results in even a small portion of the extensive field of this investigation. Hence it is not strange that the cooler-headed members of the Commission refused to follow the vagaries of the heated Chairman Walsh. He accepted as gospel truth any statement of fact which any employee of the Commission chose to make. But Professor Commons and one or two other Commissioners with him pointed out that "the recommendations of investigators for the Commission are one-sided and incomplete, as they were not submitted for verification to the persons directly interested." One can imagine the scorn of Walsh for this idea that verification is necessary of anything which he has the will to believe true.

"Disappointing" is the word applied by the Chicago *Herald* to the final disagreement and disintegration of the Industrial Relations Commission. If these nine wise persons cannot tell us what is wrong, and how to right it, "what can the poor public do?" It is inferred that Congress will be much cast down at the failure of the Commission to lay before it a list of neatly catalogued industrial evils, along with cut-and-dried remedies for each. The consequence is that Congress will have to fall back on its own knowledge and conscience, and that is truly an appalling prospect. But it may be doubted whether the most sagacious Congressmen ever looked for any very definite benefits at the hands of the Commission. To create it was a convenient way of referring and delaying a matter on which it was hard, and perhaps unwise, to lay down a general public policy. Hence they may have been actuated by something of the motive expressed in the cynical saying of Lord Salisbury, that often the best way to dispose of a troublesome question was to let it die by means of a Royal Commission. For two years, at all events, Congress has let the Commission wrestle with the problem of industrial unrest; and if, in that period, it has done anything but muddle things up and add to the said unrest, the fact does not appear in any of its reports or in the impression which it has made upon the public.

We would not deny all value to the Commission's work. Several of its public hearings have been instructive. We believe thoroughly in the plan of getting men of different views together and letting them give the reasons for the faith that is in them. Inquiry and publicity are indispensable in all these matters. And even the speeches and the cross-examinations of Chairman Walsh have educated the public—in the way not to do it, and in the beliefs not to be accepted. When, however, one takes up seriously the previous reports of the Commission, and observes the confusion and bickering into which it has fallen at the end, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the whole affair has been a fiasco. The original idea of an investigation had much to commend it. Judiciously limited and placed in competent hands, it might have been of real help. But the thing was done otherwise; and about the only result of value, the chief lesson to the public, is the demonstration we now have that complete wisdom cannot be acquired in a day by those who have not at least a modicum of it to start with, and that the world cannot be set right by men unable to set themselves right.

"VILIFYING" A STATE.

To Gen. Sherman is credited the statement that he preferred never to give his reason in advance for any military operation he set on foot, because he might think of a much better reason when it was all over. The behavior of a large part of the people and the press of Georgia with regard to the nation-wide protest against the Leo Frank horror reveals the same process of reasoning by after-thought. Whether the dreadful deed is defended or merely explained away or only palliated, the argument has become standardized: it was the attempt of "outsiders" to dictate to the people and the Commonwealth of Georgia that is really responsible for the Frank tragedy. Apparently, a proud people was stung by outside meddling into convicting a man whom it otherwise might have set free, or putting him to death when the State's own will as expressed through one of its coördinate legal powers gave the man his life. So now to-day, when the question is what the people of Georgia will do to repair the shame that has come upon its laws, the same outcry against outside dictation goes up. Leave us alone, and we will see what we can do. "We feel warranted," declares the Atlanta *Journal*, which believes in Frank's innocence, "in saying a word to those scornful and rabid outsiders who are vilifying Georgia in sheer malice and are manifesting a spirit as violent and evil as that of the mob itself." It is the afterthought reason. If the people of Georgia did not feel that some excuse was

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necessary, this pretence of dictation from the outside would not have been thought of.

No one of consequence has assailed the "entire people of Georgia," as the Atlanta *Journal* professes to believe. No reasonable person has "vilified" the State of Georgia. The State, as a political entity, did not lynch Leo Frank, did not even decree that he be put to death. It is true that the courts convicted and sentenced him, but the Governor of the State, in the exercise of his constitutional powers, granted the man his life. So far as the will of the State of Georgia was expressed through the counterbalancing action of the courts and the reprieving power, it was that Frank's life should be spared. Had that will been allowed to prevail, the Frank case would have brought honor instead of disgrace to the commonwealth; for it would have shown that on an issue over which popular passions were whipped into fury, in the face of the clamor of the mob for the death of Leo Frank, the sober thought of the Commonwealth speaking through its official representatives had prevailed.

What has really happened is that only a part of the people of the State, and probably a minority, has identified its own prejudices and acts with the State. When the conscience of the nation protests against the action of the Marietta mob, we are told that it is an assault upon the honor of Georgia. What is this Georgia beneath whose ægis the lynchers and their apologists are sheltering themselves? It is a convenient label. People who speak of the shame of Georgia do not mean that a certain iniquity pertains to the people within the boundaries of the State and ceases abruptly as soon as you cross the border into South Carolina, Alabama, or Florida. They are thinking of a fairly definite group of people who have perpetrated a definite outrage and who happen to live within the limits of the State of Georgia. No one is vilifying the State as a whole, because this at present is the very question: whether the State as a whole will identify itself with the Marietta criminals, or whether, by taking appropriate action, it will show that in denouncing the Marietta mob one is not vilifying Georgia. The surest defence of Georgia against vilification is for the State, speaking through its legal organs and its better citizenship, to express the same abhorrence of a criminal act that the "outsiders" have expressed.

And who were some of these "outsiders"? The United States Supreme Court was one of them. To have appealed to Washington was an infringement on the rights and dignities of Georgia. Judges and eminent lawyers of other States, who, from a study of the case, were convinced that injustice was being done and protested, were outsiders. Can Georgia really expect to surround herself with a Chinese wall of indifference to "outside" public opinion? New York, in the same way, might have protested against invasion of her dignity during the long years when Tammany was a national by-word. Philadelphia, during her long fight against corrupt politicians, should have resented the attention which the struggle drew from the press of the entire nation. No such insistence on her self-sufficiency comes from Georgia when it is a question of bringing outside capital into the State, or outside help into her educational institutions, or outside Federal assistance in marketing her cotton. On such occasions Georgia is willing to acknowledge herself a member of one great community. Can she afford to call up States Rights only for the defence or exculpation of an outrage against humanity and her own laws, as if lynching were another "peculiar institution"?

THE WAR AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

In dwelling the other day upon the difference between campaign conditions in Russia in Napoleon's time and to-day, Gen. von Bülow, one of the German commanders, pointed out particularly the changes in means of communication. Whereas Napoleon had to live on the country, or be supplied by convoyed wagon-trains over incredibly bad roads, to-day there are not only railways, but thousands of motor trucks, for whose use asphalt roads can be made to "grow as it were out of the earth." Beyond doubt, no recent invention, not even the aeroplane, has so affected the development of war as has the automobile. The first rush of the Germans into Belgium was facilitated by endless lines of motors, and the most striking military achievement of the war, the winning of the battle of the Marne, was made possible by the bringing up from Paris overnight in taxicabs and omnibuses of a fresh army of whose presence von Kluck was not aware until it compelled his hasty retirement.

Every sort of automobile has been requisitioned or constructed. There are ambulances, of course, galore; there are also bathhouses for the men, on four wheels, laundries, field- and soup-kitchens, sterilizing rooms, X-ray and bacteriological laboratories built on the ordinary chassis of trade or of pleasure—yes, the French have even little operating "theatres" that move to the wounded men instead of their being brought to the surgeon. The hastily armored cars of which we heard so much in the early days of the war have shown that they are of great value, but, so a British writer points out, are none the less dangerous because of their inability to turn quickly, particularly in narrow roads. There are even ladder-cars in use in the French army for purposes of observation; the instant they stop, a ladder is run up for the observer to climb. For dispatch carriers and scouting the automobile has proved its usefulness, as is shown by the multitudes of wrecked vehicles that litter the fighting-ground. It is even suggested that military motors hereafter be "double-enders," so that they may go in either direction without stopping to turn.

As for the automobile industry, it is one of the few that have profited immensely by the war. Some of the French manufacturers have divided their activities between turning out military cars and shells, the Government refusing to let them go on with their private business. But it is quite characteristic of the temper of the French people that these companies have not ceased their scientific development of the automobile. According to an American who has been watching the industry there, designers and experimenters have gone steadily ahead turning out new devices and improvements just as if there were no war raging. In England the industry has had an enormous boom. The English builders had gone further than any one else in the production of motors especially intended for the haulage of goods and for the conveyance of passengers in considerable number. The excellent British roads and the natural inclination of the British engineer to build machinery of a heavy and durable character have both tended to put the English ahead in the production of traction engines and heavy lorries. Certainly one sees nowhere else such long trains of wagons pulled by an engine—at times resembling the original steam engine—as are found in England.

It was not, of course, possible for the British to supply their Government's needs at the outbreak of war. Enormous orders were therefore placed in this country. The British builders of automobiles are now probably being mobilized under the Munitions act, as were the French at the outbreak of war, but even this speeding up of their production will not make it possible for them to

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keep up with the need. Hence there will be a demand for trucks from this country as long as the war lasts. That this will have a favorable effect upon our truck business goes without saying. Marvellous as has been the development of our motor-vehicle business, the truck end of it has lagged far behind. The war has given an opportunity, therefore, to American designers and builders along this line which will furnish them with a knowledge and experience of the utmost value in the years to come. So obvious is this fact, that there is already great unrest in England, where the automobile industry has heretofore suffered from American competition only by the introduction of the Ford and similarly cheap cars. Thus the week before last a protest was organized in London against the purchase of American automobiles during the war, particularly while British manufacturers are at a disadvantage because their plants are turning out war contracts under pressure for certain types. Writing in the *Quarterly Review*, Horace Wyatt, a British authority, expresses great alarm upon this same point. He fears that during the war British manufacturers will have lost neutral markets under circumstances bound to tell heavily against them, for the necessity of maintaining a substantial output for the Government requires the purchase of great quantities of raw material a long time in advance at inflated prices, while the Government reserves the right to terminate any contract at the shortest notice. Meanwhile the British makers are, of course, wholly unable to supply the English demand for private vehicles.

What worries Mr. Wyatt even more than this is what will happen at the close of the war, when thousands upon thousands of second-hand lorries and cars will presumably be sold at auction at very low prices. Many of these will go into commercial service in a damaged condition, for the army or navy chauffeur has no time to keep his car in good condition; he simply flings it away and applies for another when it becomes unworkable. Mr. Wyatt feels that the slightly damaged cars when they return to the hands of the public will earn for their makers an unenviable reputation, besides preventing them from selling new products by reason of their flooding the market. He hopes, therefore, that the Board of Trade and the new Ministry of Munitions will devise some way of preventing the sale of these cars in bulk when the war is over, and will officially aid the industry to get on its feet again and compete with foreign makers anew.

Foreign Correspondence

AFTER ONE YEAR—THE SUBORDINATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL—HOSPITALS FOR HORSES—HENRY JAMES.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, August 4.

It has been Germany's good fortune to be able, in a sense, to capitalize some of her less worthy qualities (over-docility, lack of individual energy or initiative, blind obedience, respect of persons) into a fund of unselfish devotion for the service of the State, while some of our best qualities (self-reliance, individual enterprise, sense of independence) have rather tended to disunion and selfishness, and need to be effectively curbed. I presume that, if it were feasible, the ideal system for a country at war would be a pooling of the national income and a redistribution of it on a basis of relative national service, with only such regard as was absolutely necessary to previous services and standards of living. All flaunting of wealth should be tabooed; sumptuary laws of every kind should be enforced. The sprat must be unhesitatingly sacrificed for the whale. It must be more and more clearly understood that normal ideals of comfort and liberty must be "scrapped" in abnormal times; that we must be ready to suffer practically anything during the short-lived present in order to make the endless future endurable. In their inability and unwillingness to realize this necessity, the selfish egoist and the doctrinaire idealist join hands, and thus are of almost equal danger to the State.

Yet it is certain that conditions of war mean self-denial in moral luxuries as well as in others. Surely it is a supreme tragedy that the man who hitherto would not have harmed a fly has now deliberately to face a situation in which he feels it is imperatively right for him to wish the death of other human beings, either by his own act or by proxy. What sacrifice is it to put down your automobile or give up dinners in restaurants and new frocks, compared with the horror of accepting this crimson stain on your soul? And millions of good men and women in Great Britain have had to accept this ghastly "no-solution" of the moral problem of life. Woe unto those, whoever they may be, who are ultimately responsible for this compulsory degradation of the finest feelings; who have imperatively limited our moral activity to a choice of evils; who have not only said "Evil, be thou my good," but have unavoidably imposed the same law (so far as practical action goes) on those who hate the devil and all his works.

In the July issue of *Our Dumb Animals* (Boston, Mass.), I read these words: "Regard for all laws, human and divine, has ceased on the part of both hostile armies. Each is ready to stoop to any barbarities the other may put in practice." This rather hasty and unguarded statement is open to objections on many different lines; but one of the most obvious and utter refutations of it is the noble work now being done by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in conjunction with the Veterinary Corps of the British Army. Though this is so largely a war of mechanical haulage, it is estimated that there are at least one million horses employed at this moment in the armies of the various belligerents. The experiences of the Boer War showed the very unsatisfactory state of the organization for the care of horses in active service, and the Army Veterinary Corps was established in 1903. During the present war, this corps, consisting of about 700 officers and 8,000 men, has received most valuable assistance from the R. S. P. C. A., which is the only society authorized by the Army Council to raise funds for the provision of hospitals and other requisites for the horses in the field. The expenditure of the money thus collected is under the direction of the War Office, and Mr. Edward Fairholme, the chief secretary of the R. S. P. C. A., has been made an officer of the Army Veterinary Corps. There are now, in all, fifteen veterinary hospitals on the lines of communication or at the bases of the British army, two of which, with accommodation for respectively 1,250 and 1,000 horses, have been established with the contributions of the R. S. P. C. A. A third, to accommodate 1,250 horses, is in progress of construction. At the time of the latest returns 81,134 horses had been treated in these hospitals, with the result that 47,192 had returned to duty, 9,109 had died or been killed, and 22,991 remained under treatment. The staffing and equipment of these hospitals are as complete in their way as those of the hospitals for men, down even to hay-stuffed operating beds, on which chloroformed patients subside gently into a comfortable unconsciousness. Each patient is subjected to the Mallien test for glanders, and is then sent to the surgical, the medical, or the infectious ward as the case may demand. Pneumonia patients are isolated in loose-boxes, and a white tape round their necks indicates that they are not to be disturbed or taken out to water. The idiosyncrasy of mules is recognized by the provision of sand baths for their use. Local anæsthetics are employed for painful dressings. Just as many of the men at the front are better fed and cared for than they have ever been in their lives, so many of the convalescent horses, turned loose in a lush French pasture, are enjoying hitherto unknown delights. It is even asserted (I give the statement for what it is worth) that some of the coal-horses, accustomed all their lives to stuffy stables and artificial feeding, have actually to learn how to crop grass.

Motor and other ambulances have been among the most valuable contributions of the R. S. P. C. A., as they enabled wounded, sick, and tired horses to be transported with a minimum of distress. At one of the ports where large numbers of horses are landed, the steep hill which they needed to climb from the wharf to the veterinary station was found to be a real death-trap to horses that had contracted chills or pneumonia during the voyage. The Cricklewood Home of Rest for Horses, a daughter society of the R. S. P. C. A., provided a double motor ambulance for the comfort of these feeble knees, and the cost of this (£900) was saved in its first week's work. The society is able, in many other ways, to relieve the sufferings of the horses, largely through its ability to provide additional comforts and alleviations not prescribed on the military establishments. Its representatives report that the general treatment of the horses used by the army is as humane as the circumstances admit of, and that cases of mishandling are very severely dealt with. The society's educational work includes the giving of special lectures on the care of horses to N. C. O.'s and other soldiers. Altogether it may be truthfully

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said that the claims of the horse to kind and considerate treatment have been recognized and provided for in this war, in a wholly unprecedented manner. If, as Mr. Galsworthy says, "we do violence to horses by employing them at all in this deadly business" we are at least doing our best to minimize the evil. The economic results have been as satisfactory as the humane. The figures already given show a marvellous improvement on the 66 per cent. of loss in the Boer War; and it has been estimated that the German cavalry use up at least three horses to our one, from want of care in unsaddling, removing harness, and feeding. The Boers used to catch our cast horses and restore them to condition for their own use; but there is now no waste of this particular kind in the British army.

Two personal incidents, one connected with an American in England, the other with an Englishman in America, have recently excited some interest here. The naturalization of Mr. Henry James as an English citizen has touched us all. Here and there, there has been an attempt to read into this action a measure of criticism of Mr. James's native country; but the general feeling neglects this possible negative aspect, and looks upon it merely as a loyal expression of sympathy with an old friend in distress, and of admiration for that friend; bearing of the strain. We remember that earlier in the war he wrote: "This grand old country has found herself again . . . at this hour she is in a perfectly magnificent moral position, the proudest, to my mind, of her history." In spite of his long residence in England and his deep regard for that country, Mr. James seems hitherto to have been unwilling to sever the ultimate ties with his old home; but now he apparently realizes that there can be no misconception of his real feeling when he transfers his spiritual treasures from the secure homestead to the harassed and menaced fortress. The garrison of the latter, at any rate, regards his adhesion as a marvellous compliment, and welcomes the new recruit with all its heart. "Harvard, of Harvard," has also found his way from the *Harvard Bulletin* to the English press; and the romance of his career has excited considerable interest in this latest recruit for the British army. His name seems of happy augury to the friendship between England and America; and it is believed that his American training will, without impairing his patriotism, help him to take the widest possible view of the cause for which he is about to fight.

THE WAR'S ANNIVERSARY—LEST WE FORGET.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 7.

This first week of August has been given up to remembrances of a year ago. I wonder if those days, in history written after us, will not be reckoned weightier for the world's civilization than Alexander the Great's journeying from Pella to Granicus or Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon; dearer even than the New England day when,

> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world;

or when, a first time, the tramp of the French Revolution crossed the Rhine:

> God said, I am tired of kings,
> I suffer them no more.

Perhaps, here in France, the people are counting too soon on peace that shall be worth such cost of war; but in their confidence is the spirit of great times once again:

> For He that worketh high and wise,
> Nor pauses in His plan,
> Will take the sun out of the skies
> Ere freedom out of man.

Yes, freedom from German "organization" in a conquering war-machine inspires France in this war.

One daily chronicler from the beginning of war—"Polybe" of the Paris *Figaro* (M. Joseph Reinach, who has been an artillery officer as well as a member of Parliament)—relates on August 1: "Yesterday and the day before, I was in the departments of the Marne and the Meuse. There I visited villages which, one year ago, were laborious and prosperous—and not a stone remains of them. Fire was set to them wickedly—by order—on coarsely lying pretexts. I saw along the roads and in the edge of woods and at the gates of towns—tombs, and then more tombs, and great collective burying mounds. I saw once more the cathedral of Rheims, mutilated, immortal, and the heroic city. I spoke with the poor who have lost all. I spoke with the wounded. To me the ruins spoke. The calendar shows we are entering the second year of war. Were it the tenth year, the same voice would make itself heard from ruins and hospitals and tombs:

"'We wish not to have suffered in vain. We wish not to have died in vain. We have suffered and died only to spare our children and our grandchildren, and the children of our grandchildren, the horrors and miseries which we have known. It would be a crime as great as the crime itself—to amnesty the crime. Not to destroy German Imperialism would be to amnesty the crime. Peace is not cannon that cease thundering and rifles returned to their stands. Peace is the victory of the liberty of peoples, the triumph of right. We wish not any other peace. We wish not a truce that would be an insult to our ruins, an outrage to our dead—a sacrilege.'

"And all the land of France—that which the foreigner still tramples, that which shall struggle until victory—answers that the sacrilege shall not be committed."

I go back to my own memories of a year ago. I am certain, with the certitude of one who saw the inmost springs of the French body politic at work, that war was not looked for. On the 25th of July I was speeding in a through train to Switzerland. In my compartment, off like myself to vacation, was a chief official of the P. L. M.—the great Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean railway which, in a week's time, was to be called on for its utmost effort to get soldiers to the frontier. Talking with me in the dining car was a high official of the war office whose engineering services were to be needed urgently; and he, too, was on vacation leave. We were all preoccupied with Austria's demands on Servia—but even these two great public administrations, responsible for the National Defence, did not foresee what less than one week was to produce.

That Saturday night, Austria's ultimatum was made known to Europe. On Monday, one of my friends who would have a responsible place in any general mobilization, still thought so little evil that, with a military doctor in active service, he crossed into Switzerland for a motor tour. The doctor's military superiors gave him no other warning than to keep within reach of telegrams. Wednesday the two arrived at my hotel, turned back by a dispatch recalling the doctor to his post. It was agreed that he should send the earliest news. From the midst of a great Eastern army post, which would have to centralize the movement of troops when mobilized, he had nothing to communicate until Friday, the last day of July. Then only he telegraphed, "Prepare for the worst!"

Switzerland took alarm sooner than France. She set her militia in motion to guard the neutrality of her frontiers the next day, Saturday, the 1st of August. Rising early, I learned that orders had already been given to prevent the taking of any automobiles out of the country. I awaked my friend at the hotel, and we decided to make an immediate dash for France. In fact, we got his automobile safely across the frontier a few miles away at a country cross-road. Either the customs officer of the Swiss side was too sleepy, or he had not yet opened his orders, to stop us. It was not until Sunday, the 2d of August, that French mobilization became an accomplished fact, and my friend went on to Paris, to take his post in the army, which was at last moving to the defence of the frontier.

The day before, that is, the day before French mobilization began, a band of German troops swept over the frontier near Belfort and took "prisoner"—already—the *maire* of the little commune, eight other chief men, and sixteen horses. This violation of French territory before Germany had declared her state of war and before France had mobilized, was published in the Swiss newspapers that evening. I was the more interested as the *maire* belongs to a family with which I have had a long friendship. The nine men thus taken prisoner before war are still confined, after a year's time, in the depths of Germany. One has died lately. To be exchanged, as others have been, they have been told they must sign a statement that they were on German territory when—arrested! We respect legality or we do not.

My remembrance of this last day of peace sinking into the first day of war in the department of the Ain is still very vivid. I was most impressed by the utter disbelief of Parisians in their vacation that serious danger was beginning. The French Government, as I well saw, awoke at the last moment; and the intelligent people of France were yet slower to realize the possibility of war.

I went on to Savoy, where I witnessed the mobilization. It was this calling away from their work of all able-bodied men that made the first earnest impression. There, as I wrote at the time, I was able to foretell how the unprepared French people would astonish the world by their steadfastness under prepared Germany's attack. There was yet no question of Belgium. Neither Germany nor the world yet knew what French and Belgians had in them. But I heard from all these Savoyards, as they quit hayfield and harvest and crowded into their army trains, the one word which has been their strength in war until now—for more than a year. *Puisqu'il le faut* (since it must be)!

Such are the remembrances of only one man—but one of many, all witnessing the same. And this is enough to prove, with the physical certainty of personal experience, that France neither expected war nor had prepared for it. When the Emperor who was prepared and set the war going says on its first anniversary, "I did not wish it!" I can only answer "Metaphysics!"

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S. F. B. Morse and the Telegraph

THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT IDEA AND THE PATIENT ENDEAVOR BY WHICH IT BECAME A PRACTICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

When Samuel F. B. Morse* conceived the idea of the electric telegraph, in 1832, he renounced a distinguished past. He was forty-one years old, a successful portrait painter, founder and president of the National Academy of Design. His life had been a broken one. In those days, a portrait painter was perforce an itinerant. He had not been able to live for any long time at home, and after nine short years of married happiness his young wife had been torn from him by sudden death, and their three children had gone to relatives. These vicissitudes had hardened his character for a new struggle far more bitter than any he had known. One feels this hardness in his European diaries of 1830 to 1832. He seldom relaxes in holiday vein. The superstition and the frivolity of the Europeans chiefly strike him. The Puritan asserts itself. He had gone to Europe in the hope of breaking out of the groove of portraiture, and realizing early aspirations to the historical style, but the mood is that of a tired and dissatisfied man. One would hardly credit him with the combative energy which he was to show for a bitter ten years to come.

The great idea came to him quite casually when returning to New York, on the packet Sully, in October, 1832. In the cabin one night the talk was of the new electrical discoveries. Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, described the possibility of noting the current simultaneously at any part of a long circuit. Morse remarked: "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I can see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity."

Unknown to Morse, others were working at the same problem, notably Wheatstone in England and Steinheil in Germany. Military and marine signalling already used the principle of the alphabet. Morse's merit was to conceive once for all the apparatus by which electrical telegraphy became practical. As he himself sensibly insisted during the unhappy controversies which accompanied the perfecting of the invention, the telegraph was not an idea, but a machine. The essentials of the machine he worked out before the Sully reached Sandy Hook.

Samuel F. B. Morse, his Letters and Journals. Edited and supplemented by his son, Edward Lind Morse, in two volumes, with illustrations and diagrams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net. This is a sober and excellent biography woven together from abundant material. The author, Morse's son, has chosen a self-effacing rôle, but evinces good judgment in selection and proportions. Morse's own letters and journals furnish the bulk of a singularly complete and well-documented work.

I.

In view of subsequent controversies about the invention, it is unfortunate that the original notebook which Morse used on the Sully has disappeared. Yet there is no reason to distrust the copy which he made himself of the essential sheets. From the facsimiles in the new official biography, it is clear that Morse at once grasped the notion of the recording key. There is a sketch of a balanced lever with a stylus which bears on a moving strip of paper served from rolls. When the lever is held by the powerful magnet in the magnetic circle, the stylus scores the paper; when the circuit is broken, a weak local magnet raises the lever with its stylus from the paper. In other words, when the electric circuit was closed, a continuous line was made on the paper, and this line, by breaking the circuit for longer or shorter intervals, might be traced in dots and in dashes of any desired length. By breaking and closing the circuit at any point, the same dots and dashes would be recorded by any number of such keys. Mechanically and scientifically the apparatus was right from that moment in October, 1832, when Morse casually scrawled on pages 25, 26, and 29 of his pocket notebook. The perfecting of the invention concerned chiefly working the dots and dashes into the most convenient sort of code, and assuring circuits of sufficient power, length, and permanency. In all these later developments we enter a highly controversial field, with confusing claims and counter-claims. So we do well to remember that from the first flash of invention in Morse's mind there has been no radical change in the telegraph as an apparatus, merely refinements on Morse's principle, no change in the visible units by which the communication is made. Two of the most essential improvements have been claimed for his later partner, Alfred Vail, the alphabetic code and the relay which permits indefinite lengthening of the circuit. This matter we must consider briefly in its turn.

But before opening so contentious a chapter, one would willingly dwell on that flash of vision by which a difficult problem is once for all solved, a revolution effected in the turn of an eye. Of course, no such thing comes literally out of the blue. Morse had long had an intelligent interest in the new discoveries in electricity. At Yale, he writes with enthusiasm about Professor Day's experiment in the "Philosophical Chamber," and Professor Dwight's lectures. Later, in New York, he heard Prof. J. M. Dana in public lectures and demonstrations. He had never heard of Joseph Henry's researches at Princeton, which might greatly have shortened his labors and prevented the most infelicitous of his many controversies. Yet the smattering of electrical lore which he gained was enough. Men of his sort build on the broadest general principles which ordinarily they assume. Their business is with application. Their task is not that of science, but of supermechanics. Morse himself was wholly conscious of his rôle when he insisted that the telegraph was a machine. He was large-minded enough to distinguish between those who create and enlarge science and those who set it to work. It is a distinction that needs to be repeated and emphasized in an age that tends to confuse the Morses and Edisons with the Faradays and Kelvins.

II.

Fenimore Cooper, with other friends of Morse's, always insisted that before the memorable voyage of the Sully he had talked about and studied telegraphy in France. Morse himself had no recollections of the alleged conversations and studies, but was unwilling to question the memories of his friends. How much such stories lie in the realm of myth it is now impossible to decide. In any case, we do not need these European stages of the legend, for Morse plainly merely represents in its highest and most accomplished type the inventive Yankee, by birth and inclination. I suppose there are few of our old New England stocks where the family skeleton in disused closet or attic is not crowded by wooden and metal contrivances which are the models of patented or patentable inventions. Generation by generation the necessity to patent or copyright something persists in such stock; usually to their financial detriment, and those who have patented nothing at least dream of so doing, and lend money to those who put such dreams into action. Often it is an unselfish desire, half artistic, or a mere expedient to secure comfort. The best solution of the problem of bifocal spectacles has been worked out by the keeper of a knicknack shop in a small New England port. He has never taken the trouble to patent it. It is enough that his own glasses no longer bother him.

Of such a line came Samuel F. B. Morse. His father was an orthodox Congregational clergyman in Charlestown, Mass., but the family prospered, not by virtue of the salary, but from a geography and a gazeteer which the Reverend Jedediah had compiled. Morse himself, in his young manhood, had invented, as preliminaries to the telegraph, a pump, a fire engine, and a machine for mechanically reproducing sculpture. What is peculiar in Morse's case is not the super-Yankee inventor, but the fact that he belonged as well to the "Brahmin class," which is generally uninventive. He had withal a massiveness and persistency of character which is again commoner in the New England urban aristocracy than in the rural class from which the inventions generally come. He was an inventor superimposed upon an artist and an *intellectuel*. Of all the qualities he had need, and they were put to sore test before the day of ultimate triumph.

As soon as Morse landed in New York, he began to work at his model; but there were many threads to take up, and it was not until 1835 that he fully committed himself to the new venture. His decision was pre-

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cipitated by the shipwreck of his artistic ambitions. Congress had voted funds for four mural paintings to complete the decoration of the Capitol at Washington. Morse, as president of the National Academy, had the best prospects of getting one of the panels. President John Quincy Adams, however, distrustful of American talent, entered a resolution opening the competition to foreigners. This action was sharply criticised in a letter in the *Evening Post*, which was generally attributed to Morse. It was, in fact, the well-intentioned championship of his friend, Fenimore Cooper, which had put him out of the running. From this chagrin Morse never recovered. He came to regret his devotion to painting. It was much more than the loss of a promising commission, it was the dashing of the hopes of a lifetime to excel in the historical and monumental style. He burned his bridges, but with prudence, gradually withdrawing from portraiture as other support offered, and resigning as soon as he honorably could the presidency of the Academy. Immediately he accepted a professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York, honorable drudgery which nearly afforded a livelihood. There, from 1835 on, in the now vanished building on Washington Square, he worked out the details of the great invention. At times his poverty was extreme. He lived frugally on the provisions which he brought into his studio after nightfall. As a great personage in New York, he must conceal the narrowness of his life.

III.

For several years he was on wrong tracks. He experimented with a dictionary code, the signals representing entire words and phrases. His feeling was still that the telegraph would be used only for important and secret business. But as early as the notebook of 1832, he had seen that the letter code must sometimes be used, as in proper names. For a long time, too, he made the signals by notched types which mechanically broke the current. Eventually this plan was abandoned for freehand manipulation of the key. For the key itself, after experiment with a pendulum form, he returned to the simple apparatus sketched in the memorable notebook. Before the year 1835 had closed, he had, unaided, carried the machine to the point where he could transmit messages through about forty feet of wire. It seems that he independently discovered the principle of the relay, but the difficulty persisted of obtaining current enough to record a message through a single circuit of more than forty feet. At this point a new colleague, Prof. Leonard D. Gale, came to the rescue. He was conversant with the recent discoveries of Joseph Henry. Once multicellular batteries and more powerful magnets were installed, it was easy to transmit messages over ten miles of wire.

In the late summer and autumn of 1837 Morse gave a number of demonstrations with a circuit 1,700 feet long. On September 2 there was present among greater notables Alfred Vail, a young alumnus of the University. His family owned the Speedwell Iron Works at Morristown, N. J., were prosperous and influential. He offered himself as Morse's ally, agreeing to finance the experimental stages of the invention, and to make the working models. Vail's mechanical cleverness was much superior to Morse's, and while any attempt to allot credit for the machine that finally was patented seems impossible, it is to be presumed that Vail's influence may be traced in the gradual simplification of the apparatus. It should be noticed, however, that such simplifications are invariably only so many returns to the sketch-book of 1832. The probability is, then, that at a time when Morse may have been somewhat confused by the many alternatives presented from his own teeming mind, Vail, reviewing the whole course of experimentation with greater coolness and detachment, aided substantially in the choice of the better possibilities. There is no question that he brought a great access of strength and encouragement to Morse at a critical time. It is not easy to exaggerate the moral support he brought to his partner. He was loyal under trying circumstances.

It is not unnatural that local patriotism and the piety of descendants have created a Vail legend which credits to him the invention of the alphabetical code and the local circuit. It should be said, however, that he never personally claimed either invention, and that the evidence seems conclusive that Morse had solved both problems before he met Vail in 1837. The claims for Vail, which have produced a considerable controversial literature, seem to the reviewer based on a misconception entirely honest but untenable. The machines which Vail unquestionably made are regarded as marking the discovery of the principles under which they were operated. The wording of his diaries often lends color to such a misinterpretation, quite innocently, for, of course, he was adventuring in a field new to him. As a matter of simple justice, however, one must insist that Vail's aid was chiefly moral and financial. Nothing that he contributed to the machine patented in 1837 was as indispensable as that counsel of Professor Gale, by which the telegraph was at once changed from an ingenious scientific toy, communicating across a room, to a practical means of communication across great spaces. And the candor with which Morse acknowledged the aid of Gale gives no color to any supposition that he consciously minimized any contribution that other associates may have made. It is well to recall that the three original partners always remained friends, and that in their lifetime there were no conflicting claims of any sort.

On January 22, Morse gave a private demonstration to many New York notables through ten miles of wire strung in his lecture-room. One of the spectators indited the bombastic yet not wholly inappropriate message: "Attention, the Universe, by kingdoms right wheel." The experiment was the occasion of intelligent and enthusiastic comment by the press, and the way of the inventor should have been thenceforth easy. As a matter of fact, it was five years before the Government sustained the project in the experimental line of 1843 between Washington and Baltimore. Meanwhile, Morse was harried by the insane claims of Dr. Jackson and by the treachery of later business associates, by the unfair and arbitrary denial of a patent in England, by the unexpected failure of a great contract with Russia. The general reception before the French Academy of Science, in 1839, where Arago explained the invention and Guy-Lussac and Alexander von Humboldt commended it, is one of the few bright spots in these years. But the French Government was as slow to move as the French savants had been quick. Morse returned disappointed to New York, where in 1840 he was within sight of death from starvation. Yet he won through, and after infinite difficulties, largely overcome through the zeal and patience of Alfred Vail, the wires were stretched from Baltimore to Washington. The test message which Morse sent from Washington to Vail at Baltimore was, "What hath God wrought!" Vail returned it correctly to the sender. Before that momentous experiment, the telegraph had sensationally proved its effectiveness by picking up from a train the news of Frelinghuysen's nomination as Vice-President, and getting it to Washington a full hour before the train's arrival. Soon the doubters in Congress and the business world were on Morse's side. At fifty-three, he had gained a new fame, this time world-wide. After eight years of poverty fortune was assured.

How weary he was of the struggle, how moderate were his personal ambitions may be understood from his offer to the nation of his controlling interest in the telegraph for $110,000. A month after the brilliant test of the Washington-Baltimore message he would gladly have exchanged prospects of wealth for a modest competence. The refusal of Congress to entertain the proposal must be reckoned as one of the major instances of official shortsightedness. If Morse was easily satisfied on the financial side, as regards the telegraph itself, he was consumed with a zeal of perfection. He tried every possibility, constantly revising the mechanism and its accessories, even in the vexatious times when the experimental line was being built. Shortly before the successful test, he discovered the principle of duplex telegraphy. In the summer of 1842, as the result of actual tests, he confidently predicted transoceanic telegraphy in a public report to the Secretary of the Treasury. Other improvements, such as reading by ear, had come almost as a matter of course.

IV.

To trace the remaining career of Morse is unnecessary. It was varied by frequent European trips, in which he received the highest social and official honors. A happy

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second marriage in 1848 brought tardily the domestic joys which fate had earlier denied him. He settled down in a delightful country place at Poughkeepsie, an impressive and venerated figure. Fate still reserved sore trials for him, partly in the defection of business associates, partly in harassing controversies concerning the credit for the invention of the telegraph. Of these the most gratuitous and deplorable was the feud with Joseph Henry, which was occasioned by a needless oversight on Alfred Vail's part. Morse took these infelicities the harder, that he held a fairly mystical idea of himself as individually inspired by Providence. From the first, he dwells upon the benefits of the telegraph to society. In 1855, when the cable was being laid, he writes to a friend:

> The effects of the Telegraph on the interests of the world, political, social, and commercial, have, as yet, scarcely begun to be apprehended, even by the most speculative minds. I trust that one of its effects will be to bind man to his fellowman in such bonds of amity as to put an end to war. I think I can predict this effect as in a not distant future.

So speaks in old age the man who in youth had aspired to equal Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian. To perceive how much delusion may accompany the highest character and the greatest practical capacity should work toleration even in a critic. As a matter of fact, the generous youth had died very early in Morse. It is pathetic to find the patriot of the War of 1812 merely disgusted with the Civil War, declaring that there was glory for neither side, and willing to accept peace at any price. Throughout Morse appears more admirable than amiable. In his letters and journals there is seldom a touch of humor or sentiment, often something hard and schoolmasterly in quality. To his most faithful associates he was none too considerate; he had suffered too much from faithless allies. Yet in a man of his moral massiveness and tenacity we can hardly expect the more adaptive graces. A certain Olympian detachment is not compatible with full charity. It is odd and instructive to find Morse at the very moment when his invention needed all his forces, wasting himself in pamphleteering against a wholly imaginary conspiracy of the Roman Catholics. Yet it was, however mistakenly, a question with him both of his religion and loyalty. The converse of the positive strength of such a character is its capacity for moral repulsion. The penalty of such concentration is narrowing the vision and distorting it. In Morse unquestionably there was some sacrifice of the man to the inventor. Yet this self-imposed restriction has its austere nobility. It hardened the fibre for a particular work, and the justification of a process in which an able artist perished utterly and a man of culture was warped into a particular mould must be found in the sure immortality which Morse won for himself among the great inventors and benefactors of the race.

Poetry

DRAGON'S TEETH.

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.

When I review the dark
Year that is gone,
I wonder whether God regrets the ark;
If it is He who locks away the dawn:
I dare not ponder why our prayers to Christ
Have not sufficed.

August, so fair, so rich
With fruitful life,
Bartered her golden harvest for a ditch,
Her scythe of silver for a butcher's knife:
She who wore once the grateful farmer's wreath,
Sowed dragon's teeth.

Alas, no Cadmus crop
Sprang from the earth,
But fiends whose bent no royal word can stop.
The blood they spill but teems with viler birth:
So sweet to them is hatred's poisoned breath,
They thrive on death.

Twelve fateful moons ago
Man prospered, proud
Of primacy. How swift his overthrow!
Blacker and lower broods the horrid cloud:
What will its depths disclose? Thy Peace, O Lord,
Or Flaming Sword?

Notes from the Capital

AN APOSTLE OF THE MEAN.

Though everywhere recognized as a courageous man, William E. Borah has never been given to acting on impulse. His views on our foreign relations, as set forth in his recent speech at Spokane, are probably, therefore, the well-considered outlines of a policy which he thinks it but fitting for one in his position to make public at this juncture. They point, moreover, pretty plainly to the part he may be called soon to play as the compromise Presidential candidate of the Progressives led by Roosevelt and of the regular Republicans typified by Root. How well his pronouncement will be received depends on the passing temper of the people at large, whether they feel like nodding assent to his down-right disparagement of our national spirit or object to being advertised to the world as an easy mark for every international bully. Other orators, as a rule, even if they do not approve in all respects of the diplomatic course pursued by the present Administration, have tried to save its face by putting the disagreeable things they had to say into the future subjunctive rather than a past tense. But that is not Borah's way. He does not warn us of what is likely to happen if we leave the country unprepared for war; he reminds us of what has already happened. Our men "have been" murdered; our women "have been" brutally maltreated, our flag "has been" insulted, he declares, and we have done nothing to right these wrongs. This has somewhat of a Rooseveltian ring. On the other hand, the Senator does not advise taking the aggressive now, rushing in and smashing our adversaries to smithereens. He only urges preparedness, so that, if similar occasions arise in the future, we shall be in a position to act at once as may seem best.

Here is the man on middle ground, blinking nothing as it stands, but pleading that untoward conditions be not allowed to remain as they are. His friends are very careful to draw the distinction between a straddling disposition and his poise of broad responsibility. They claim for him a strong sense of justice towards both sides of every question. The first case he tried as a lawyer in the rude frontier country where he had hung out his shingle was in defence of a ruffian charged with murder, and he won it. He was personally willing, and of course professionally glad, to save the fellow's neck, but he did not rest till he had done something to compensate the county for helping one of its human nuisances to escape elimination; so he seized the opportunity to reason with his client while the latter was still in a grateful mood, and induced him to disappear and never return. Again, though he was ready to risk his own life to rescue a negro whom a mob was preparing to lynch for wounding a constable in a street fight, this did not prevent him from approving President Roosevelt's dismissal of the colored troops at Brownsville without trial, on the ground that short shrift must be given treason.

He recognizes the human weaknesses of many judges, yet believes that we should not visit these shortcomings on the courts as a whole by subjecting them or their decisions to the recall, but should "cling to an independent judiciary as the men of old clung to the horns of the altar." He does not deny that a few amendments could profitably be made to the Constitution in response to the demands of modern life on its social side, but has no patience with the chatter about doing away with it, insisting that "our fathers understood the science of government as no other single group of men has ever understood it," and that probably, "if the plan upon which they built fails, with it will pass the hope of a democratic-republican form of government." And after successfully fighting the battle of a poor and obscure claimant against a powerful corporation, he was just as prompt to turn prosecutor in the cases of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners accused of supplementing legitimate agitation with dynamite bombs and a campaign of terrorism. Quite as characteristic was the position he took in the campaign of 1912, sympathizing with many of the principles avowed by the Progressives and deploring the neglect of the Republicans to adopt them, condemning the steam-roller methods of the national convention of his party, yet telling Col. Roosevelt flatly that the secession of the malcontents was a colossal blunder, and himself supporting Taft in spite of all that had evoked his disapproving comments on the regular platform and ticket.

Looking at Borah, one can hardly help wondering how he came by his calmness of judgment and manner; for his cool blue eyes are more than matched by his pugnacious nose, and his facial features and coloring suggest a rather recent Irish descent. He has an abundance of straight, black hair, a round face, lips that are full but not bulging, and

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cleft chin. His whole effect is boyish, as he looks straight into your eyes with his habitual expression of cheerful candor. He is of good size rather than large, his well-knit frame and firm carriage giving you an impression of bulk which later proves a trifle misleading. He dresses simply, but with no affectation of carelessness, his black wide-awake hat and sack coat being the familiar costume of his Western home. In his daily intercourse with his fellows he is not at all a talkative man. As a public speaker, the first things about him that attract you are his quiet pose, his musical voice, and his clear enunciation; next, the air of good comradeship with which he draws you over to his view, instead of driving you like La Follette, or wearying you into helplessness like half the orators against whom he finds himself matched in the Senate.

VIEILLARD.

Book Notes and Byways

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By JOHN THOMAS LEE.

I.

"An American scholar died on December 24, 1914. Self-made, the doors of opportunity opened to him a few months before, and with many misgivings he passed through them. He found himself among men of recognized attainments who, to his surprise, welcomed him to their assembly and conducted him to a seat beside the most honored. While he was still wondering how best to show his appreciation for their recognition, he died."

These words fitly introduce a sympathetic and carefully written sketch of the life and work of Luther S. Livingston, printed for private distribution by Mrs. Livingston. Although the little volume in its final form (attractively made by Mr. Bruce Rogers, who also drew the accompanying portrait) is issued without the author's name, it is no secret that the lovely tribute is from the pen of Mr. George Parker Winship, librarian of the Widener Memorial Library at Cambridge, Mass.*

Mr. Livingston must have possessed rare charm of personality and nobility of character to have won the enviable place which he now holds in the hearts of men. His achievements in horticulture, book-selling, and bibliography, notable as they were, could not alone have gained for him the fame which rightly seems his, for fame none the less it is, though circumscribed. The man was greater than his work. And it is a fine and stimulating thing to encounter in this time of hurry and sordid endeavor a scholar with the freshness and sweetness of the open about him: such appears to have been Luther Livingston.

When, a hundred years hence, some kindly and learned antiquary undertakes to write of the American booksellers and bibliographers of the twentieth century, he will single out for especial notice, I am sure, the name of Luther S. Livingston. He will tell his readers with charm of phrase (let us hope) that Livingston was not musty or unlovable or self-centred, as sometimes are those of his calling; that from small beginnings and none too well equipped with what the schools had to give, he, nevertheless, with good sense, diligence, and a clean heart, made a lasting place for himself in the world of books. And, what is far better, he at the same time cultivated and retained the friendship of the men whose money he took for honest service. Our historian, too, will dwell with emphasis on the man's love of flowers, his poise and mental integrity, and his fortitude in meeting physical suffering. Distress of body did not undo him or shake his faith in God or man. His fortitude seems to have been invincible.

The reader should know that these words are written by one who never met Mr. Livingston face to face, and who knows him only through his work and his friends. Why, then, should I care to write about him? Perhaps because such men, in a hundred ways, make their influence felt by those who never clasped hand with them, through leagues and leagues of space.

II.

I may be pardoned, I think, for giving a few biographical details before proceeding to notice Mr. Livingston's work. For Mr. Winship's sketch, on which I must rely, limited as it is to two hundred copies, will not have a wide circulation. And, moreover, it is necessary to know something of the principal facts of our subject's life, if we are properly to appreciate his work.

Luther S. Livingston first saw the light in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 7, 1864. At the age of seventeen he left the high school, and obtained employment in a local book-shop. Some years later he was obliged to relinquish this work, on account of ill-health, and spent a summer in the open, collecting butterflies and wild flowers. In 1887 he became the shipping clerk of Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York city, with whom he was for many years to be identified.

Being an outdoor man, who did not take kindly to city ways, he, in 1888, took up a Government land claim in Florida. "The inspiration for this venture," says his biographer, "came from the books of Thoreau"; but, "after a year of unremunerative grubbing at palmetto roots, Livingston returned to the New York book-store."

Early in life he evinced a fondness for flowers, and his familiarity with the technical names of plants, together with his accurate information concerning them, prompted the firm of Pitcher & Manda, of Short Hills, N. J., to offer him a place on their staff, which he accepted. His first work was the compilation of catalogues, and here his aptitude for the niceties of description was shown from the first. It is said that the catalogues prepared by him have become classics among horticulturists. He was later sent to Colombia to execute an important commission—the collecting of orchids, a most engaging pursuit, one would think. His experiences in South America were duly chronicled in his notebooks and in charming letters to his mother. Fortunately, as I like to think, the financial crisis of 1893 was the cause of his return to the business of books. He remained with his old employers, Dodd, Mead & Co., until 1912, when a cruel accident robbed him of his physical vigor and consigned him to an invalid's chair.

Mr. Livingston married, in 1898, a friend of his boyhood, Miss Flora V. Milner, of Deer Lodge, Mont. At Scarsdale, nineteen miles from New York city, they made their home; and here Mr. Livingston transformed his three acres of woods, cliffs, and swamp into a wonderful garden, in which, we are told, he spent the happiest part of each week. "Under his wizard touch, this little country home lot became a botanical museum," writes Mr. Winship. "Month by month he added to his treasures, until he was nearing the consummation of his ambition to possess a healthy growing specimen of every variety of flowering plant that could be induced to take root in the latitude and longitude of New York city. . . . The parting from that garden within sight of the reflected lights of Broadway was not least among the tragedies of Livingston's last year."

*Mr. Winship's tribute to the memory of Luther S. Livingston, in abridged form and with a bibliography, was first printed in the Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, Vol. VIII.

Correspondence.

THE GERMAN PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some Americans are asking to what lengths the German propaganda may dare to go; others, how far German militarism is setting back the clock of civilization. The following statement of fact may aid their estimates. Lest anyone believe the statement unbelievable, I will add that I have it not from the newspapers, but from a friend who is well acquainted with the victim.

Among the hundreds of poor street-venders now in Athens, a man was last week crying out his picture-postals and cheap prints of distinguished people. An officer of the Greek navy hearing him asked: "Whose pictures have you there?"

"Pictures of the King, the Queen, Venizelos, and others."

"Haven't you any of Gounaris?" (Gounaris is the pro-German Prime Minister.)

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because there is no sale for them; nobody wants them."

The officer beckoned to a policeman and ordered the man's arrest. The policeman obeyed. The man was imprisoned, and was not released till the next day.

This is the whole story. I have suppressed no detail which could mitigate the officer's conduct. The act stands as a clean-cut statuesque example of German propagandism and militarism combined. It takes place under a constitutional monarchy modelled after that of England, but now, unhappily, in the hands of a pro-German King, whose energetic wife is sister of the German Kaiser. The clock of civilization, as it seems to me, is thus set back exactly 700 years, to the time before Magna Charta.

L. L. Forman.

Athens, Greece, July 27.

EXTRA-LEGAL "DUTIES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is with great satisfaction that I follow from week to week your consistent and powerful support of the side morally right in the lamentable European struggle. For how easily does the issue become confused! Even the change of seasons affects men's moral intuitions—so frail a thing is man's conscience! The price of a pound of cotton now threatens to determine our attitude towards democracy and autocracy in their death struggle.

So much is said of our rights, but has not a nation also duties? While the Government upholds the nation's rights, surely it behooves the nation to consider seriously its duties.

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Neutral let our government remain so long as that be morally possible, but the citizenship of the country has never been neutral since Austria sent her fateful ultimatum to Servia. Except for the German-Americans and a small minority of our other citizens, that ultimatum inevitably ranged us on the side of the present Allies. The crisis is too sharp, the issue too vital, the contentions too utterly at variance for us to be at heart passive spectators. We share vitally with the Allies in their struggle for national freedom and independence. It is our own struggle, even though we must for the present refrain from participating with arms. But if it is our own struggle and we must not participate with arms, what must be our bearing and deportment during its progress?

Alas, that so many of us determine our bearing and deportment on the basis of Iago's advice

Put money in thy purse!

Doubtless the munition-makers of the North are actuated largely by this advice, but fortunately they make money by means which happen to be in keeping with the interests of the nation and the welfare of the world. If they have no other motive in the manufacture of munitions than the making of money, then are they of all men most contemptible. But the cotton growers of the South in their clamor against England and their determination to sell cotton to Germany are in deadly opposition to the interests of America and the world: they seek to feed the cannon of the Teutons. Is it too much to expect of human nature that we should look beyond the price of a season's crop and lend at least the weight of our financial sacrifice to the cause of human liberty? OLIN DANTZLER WANNAMAKER.

Auburn, Ala., August 12.

WAR SONG OF FRENCH WORKMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: These verses, some strong, none pretentious, and the whole of them together giving an impression of the force beyond words which animates all classes in France, are published by the *Bataille Syndicaliste* of Paris. This is the organ of those Labor Unions which, in peace, separated themselves most from the present organization of human society in Europe. Now, under war, they hark back to their fathers of the great Revolution who, in 1793, marched as one man on the invaders of their country. Then, as now, the invaders formed what Arthur Balfour, on this first anniversary of renewed war on the Liberty of Peoples, calls "alien and despotic Militarism."

This new "Hymne du Départ" accepts—"if it must be"—that sorest trial of "one year more" of war. Its author speaks in the name of a Labor Revolution which was verging, as many of his own fellow-countrymen were convinced before the war, on Anarchy. If the Frenchmen who adhere to such Labor movements quit themselves like men to-day, it must be that they were essentially good citizens yesterday. And this dispels another illusion regarding France and the people generally and so may help towards an end surely unforeseen by the organizers of this war—

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

I have tried to give only a very literal translation, line by line, so as to keep something of the tramping rhythm of these French toilers' feet marching to the wars. Since I witnessed the first call to arms and military mobilization of these workmen and peasants of France, I have often written in my letters of the strong, sane impression made on me by words with which I heard them universally comforting each other—"*Puisqu'il le faut* (since it must be)!" After a year's hard service of war, they repeat their words in their poet's verses. What American can read them and not hear echoing within himself his own Emerson's "Voluntaries"?

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

STODDARD DEWEY.

Paris, August 5.

WINTER CAMPAIGN.

By Raphael Périé.

The day that Germany opened up the abyss,
One and one only word, peaceful, sublime,
Was spoken by the one-minded people:
It must be.

Toil of the hands, labor of thought,
You must quit the work you've begun:
It must be.

You must depart as in Ninety-three:
You must quit your mother and your wife:
It must be.

You must quit, for atrocious war,
Your sweet little girl and your good little boy:
It must be.

You must kill to save your country
And liberty and wounded justice:
It must be.

You must will the attack under shellfire
Or the trenches when not in the battle:
It must be.

You must will the gas that chokes and the mines,
The hand-to-hand fight, the shadow where they slay,
Feet that freeze and mud and vermin:
It must be.

Dear workman, put off your hope
To do away with hunger and suffering:
It must be.

Dear peasant, your wife wears herself out;
She is sobbing as she pushes the plough:
It must be.

Ah! well I know—sister, young brother,
Old parents—'Tis hard, such misery;
'Tis not I will say the contrary:
It must be.

Soldier of France, finish the work.
You must remember sorrowful Poland:
It must be.

You must think of the great misery
Of Rheims and Arras and of the Belgian your brother,
And, beyond, how Alsace weeping awaits you:
It must be.

Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away,
But you will hold out yet one year more,
If it must be.

THE IBERIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fourth paragraph contained in the "Summary of the News" of the issue of the *Nation* of August 5 is somewhat disappointing reading. Really, is there not more to be said on the killing of the three Americans on the Leyland liner Iberian than that "the case, however, is likely to present no international difficulties, since on the evidence before us, it would seem probable that the Iberian was summoned to ston and was only shelled by the submarine when the captain disregarded the order"?

If our citizens, as we maintain, have a perfect right to be safe anywhere, even on board belligerent passenger steamers, why should this not hold good in the case of the Iberian also, so far as the captain's responsibility towards neutral passengers is concerned? In other words: What right had the captain of the Iberian to impose the gravest risks to life and limb on the Americans on board, as he did by "disregarding the order" of the hailing submarine? It surely has not come to this that English captains shall be free to hold the lives of Americans and other neutrals more cheaply than the vessels they command!

It seems to me, if we insist upon the right of free passage for our citizens, and will hold Germany to "strict accountability" in case of loss of life, we must also insist uncompromisingly on the corollary of this assertion, viz.: that captains of English passenger steamers, having American travellers on board, must stop under all circumstances, when legitimately hailed by enemy undersea craft, or our Government will hold them, and Great Britain, to as "strict accountability" as we do Germany in the Lusitania case.

This view of the case, as given above, I have missed altogether in your otherwise very clear-cut delineation of the affair. I hope you will make this side of it the burden of some paragraphs in a future "Summary of the News." WM. B. SCHULZ.

Baltimore, Md., August 10.

[The right under international law of the captain of a merchant vessel to evade or resist capture by an enemy warship has never been disputed.—ED. THE NATION.]

HENRY JAMES AN ENGLISH SUBJECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The decision of Henry James to become an English subject must have been arrived at very suddenly, for he evidently never dreamed of it a few short weeks, or even days, perhaps, before taking this action. I received a letter from him dated "London, June 23d," and posted even a day or two later, to be read at our annual Cornell Reunion in Europe, which occurred here in Paris on the 26th of last month. From one end to the other, this rather long letter breathes only the most ardent and sincere affection for America. It opens with a proud reference to "our American Volunteer Ambulance," of whose committee Mr. James is chairman, and then he goes on to say: "I am struck at every turn more and more with the amount of active coöperation that the inspiring cause of the Allies can look to from our countrymen—there, in fact, seems no limit to it." In my letter to him, I had said that the spirit of the gathering would be "decidedly pro-Allies," whereupon he replies: "'Decidedly,' my dear countrymen, is the palest of adverbs to describe the helpful passion that I myself have become acquainted with among us all"; and then he proposes this toast: "To the inspiring idea of our collective American rally to the aid of Civilization as menaced as never in the world before—may its shadow not grow less!" And again, in closing, he mentions "our boundless goodwill for France."

Mr. James was granted naturalization on July 26th. His petition for this end must have been sent in some days before. It is safe to say, therefore, that at some time within less than a month after writing his Cornell letter, Mr. James decided to abandon American citizenship, which evidently filled his heart to overflowing on June 23d.

One of the many lessons taught, on both sides of the ocean, by this present war is the chariness one should show in this matter of changing one's nationality. In the past, the

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spread-eagle American has now and then found fault with Mr. James because he is "an American residing in England." But it is safe to predict that in the years to come Mr. James may hear his new fellow subjects chide him with being "a naturalized Englishman residing in England," for Mr. James should not have forgotten the profound reflection of La Rochefoucauld. that "L'accent du pays où on est né demeure dans l'esprit et dans le cœur comme dans le langage." THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, July 31.

APROPOS OF THE ALLEN SURVEY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here's a useful rhyme for those who've read good Dr. Allen's prose:

An expert in Efficiency (don't think good Dr. Allen he), now having proved by rigid rules all educators blundering fools, determined deftly to proclaim all poets very much the same. Here is a page from his report (except I've tried to cut it short): "SECTION 9, EXHIBIT K. ON POETS' PUTTERING AND DELAY: THE CASE OF MR. THOMAS GRAY. This poet piddled seven years with ink-pot, foolscap, books, and shears; and frayed his breeches past all patching whilst his slow Elegy was hatching. Seven years—an inefficient Gray. I had my clerk the other day (an average lady as to rhyme) write out for me said Elegy by up-to-date stenography; and seven minutes was her time."

O Expert, you and I, we two, know all there is to know, we do: I know that you're a chump at best, and you—O you know all the rest. UNCLE SILAS.

Madison, August 1.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A review of Thiis's "Leonardo da Vinci" in the *Nation* of June 17 contests some of the results of that important work. I agree closely with the reviewer's idea of the probable development in style shown by Leonardo's early drawings and pictures, and should like to argue a point or two in detail.

And first as regards the landscape in Verrocchio's Baptism of Christ, my chief reason for believing it Leonardo's is that it exhibits, in an obviously immature phase, characteristics peculiar to Leonardo as we know him in authenticated works. Certain of these may be briefly described as follows: (1) The generalized rocks, surviving from mediæval art, but modified, probably in memory of effects, seen from Vinci and even from Florence, of the sharp peaks of the Carrara Mountains under special atmospheric conditions; effects reinforced by the views of the Monte Rosa chain from the plains of Lombardy and culminating in the Alpine vistas of the St. Anne. In relation to this traditional archaism we may observe that the ground in Leonardo tends to a conventional flow of its masses and lines, rather than to the firmly organized natural structure characteristic of Masaccio. (2) This conventional geology serves, however, to focus the thrilling cosmical meteorology, the concrete and plastic sense for air and light as almost illimitably yet objectively imagined. The backgrounds of La Gioconda and the St. Anne are not fantastic, romantic experiments, but supreme achievements in landscape truth, which have for counterparts in European style only the works of men intellectually transcending merely professional standards—men like Rembrandt and Turner. (3) But Giotto has a broad and plastic elemental meaning—shown in his limning of light by sharp definition of shadow, and Masaccio the noblest cosmical sweep; what was needed to establish landscape style upon classical foundations, as distinct from a merely phenomenal aspect of things, such as determines Northern naturalism, was the working out of pictorial texture, which Leonardo gives us, with some inadequacy of technical resources, indeed, on a grander scale than any of his contemporaries. The conjectural early works are incomplete experiments, but in their application of pictorial texture to the more primitive patterns or the more sculpturesque drawing of traditional practice they exhibit an initiative for which Leonardo's authorship seems to me the only reasonable explanation. I find the first steps to such details as the great tree in the St. Anne, perhaps the noblest tree in art, in the foliage of conjecturally early pictures like the Uffizi Annunciation, where the complications of refracted and reflected light in the leaves are attacked with an elaborate fervor absent from mature work. In this picture, which shows more skill and must be a little later than the Baptism, Leonardo has not discovered his technical limitations and is thus more the ambitious pure painter than later on. I cannot, by the way, see two hands in the execution here, or even the repainting asserted to exist as an essential factor in certain passages.

There is no measurable demonstration in a rapprochement of the authentic landscape drawing of 1473 to the Baptism landscape, yet many students have felt a similarity in style and temperamental quality—the design is quite different. The drawing is a mere scrawl, very rapid in stroke, and probably, I should say (to judge by observation of a modern artist at work), rather a mnemonic and even half reflex note for a picture than a study from nature; yet it contrives somehow to translate very vividly a real scene. The squared fields, the definite contours of foothills, the tree masses, etc., are summarized in exactly the fashion of Far Eastern drawings of the later classic landscape periods—as in Sesshiu's open landscapes. We have a vague means with a concrete result—a sort of elemental impressionism. The rapprochement to Oriental modes is, however, *pace* the German theorists, a natural affinity.

As regards the date of the little Louvre Annunciation, I think the technical evidence should be conclusive. To me, as it marks an emancipation in composition from the conventional patterns of the early Renaissance, it might be as late as the Adoration of the Magi, but for a certain naïveté in its types. But it is a by-product, an academic exercise, compared to its Uffizi prototype, which engaged an artist's whole strength—whoever did it.

There are other points in Dr. Thiis's view of the early career of Leonardo to which I hope to contribute an opinion on further study of the book. I am not sure, however, that any scholar has explained a peculiarity in the early drawings—which, I think, is less marked as Leonardo works at sculpture seriously—and would call the attention of students to it here. I refer to the odd failure of many of the figure drawings in articulation or proportion of limbs. I need not particularize examples, as the fault is obvious when attention is called to it. It would seem that the naturalistic studies of the young master and his training under Verrocchio—an impeccable draughtsman in the matter referred to—gave correctness in detail, while the sketching habit and a generalizing tendency inhibited at times a vision of the figure in action as a whole, so that we have arms, especially those out of the figure plane, which are out of proportion with or do not belong to the body. There is a question here also of a habit of "frontality" in pattern, which I will not now discuss. I may say that the point concerns the authenticity of the Madonna of the Pink at Munich. Morelli noticed the bad drawing of an arm in the Christ Child in this much-damaged picture, and used it as an argument against Leonardo's authorship. As a matter of fact, the awkward arm is, so far as it goes, a sign of authenticity, as the peculiar fault occurs in many absolutely genuine drawings.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Roselle Park, N. J., June 21.

"THE STYMIE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a golf enthusiast for twenty years, I am struck by your comment, in the Centennial number, on an article by Mr. John G. Anderson advocating the abolishment of the "stymie." What occurs to me, and what I would call your attention to, is that neither in your editorial nor in Mr. Anderson's article, apparently (I have not seen the article), is the logical reason for the abolition of the stymie discussed. There is, as a matter of fact, a reason historically logical, why the stymie should never have become a part of the game, is not a proper element of it, and should be removed as soon as the amputation can be accomplished without disturbing the world-wide uniformity of the game.

Golf differs from most recreations in many respects; in one respect it is entirely different from all other games played with a bat and ball—such as baseball, cricket, lacrosse, polo, hockey, tennis, croquet, billiards, pool, etc. That is a sweeping statement and sweeping statements, when substantiated, deserve serious consideration. When anything differs from all other things of its kind in any one respect, that respect must be an important one. Golf differs from all other games played with a bat and ball in that nothing which either player does directly affects the other. The game is utterly individual. Each contestant must observe the effect of his opponent's play without interference, and with the self-control of a stoic. Then immediately he has to make his own performance in sharp contrast, again without hindrance; Epicurean now, he must achieve "Pleasure by avoidance of trouble." This demand upon the psychic forces of the player is the essence of the charm of the game. Without this, would hundreds of thousands of serious-minded, purposeful men and women become absorbed in agitating a small object from point to point over a well-kept sward? But there is one exception—neither player interferes with the other's game except in the case of the stymie. When the position of one player's ball interferes with the execution of the other's shot, strict individuality of play ceases. The stymie thrusts across and violates the very principle of golf which distinguishes it from all other games.

I said in the beginning that the stymie is historically illogical. All things have a beginning, and the first stymie established the custom. This was the way of it (why not?): The Dominie and the Major came to the last green all square. The Dominie putted and his

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ball came to rest between the Major's and the hole. The Major, honest soul, said, "Ye maun lift yir ba." "Na, na," quoth the Dominie, "putt ut as ut lies." The Major weakly yielded (he deserved to lose the match) and an anachronism crept into the game of golf. British love of status quo has kept it there ever since; but they cut off a king's head once, when he displeased them, and perhaps we can persuade them some day to abolish the unfair, unscientific, and iniquitous stymie.

Mr. Anderson proposes that the U. S. G. A. legislate against the stymie. Emphatically, no. Let golf be the same game the world over. Let us not repeat the history of football. Let every golf club in the association take a postcard vote by its members on the question, "Should the stymie be abolished?" Let the clubs forward the results to the central body. Let the officials then report to St. Andrews the state of mind in this country and ask for a similar test of English, Canadian, and Australian public opinion. So we would correct the history of the game and not make new history. W. R. T.

THE ART OF MISQUOTATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reviewer of Hutchinson's "Life of Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury)," in your issue of July 15, tells us that, "although he was distinguished in many ways, his name became almost a household word as the author of 'The Hundred Best Books' and 'The Pleasures of Life.' He was an omnivorous taker of notes, and he had the faculty of seizing on the books and quotations which would appeal to the best popular taste. As a result he wrote these books with almost no effort."

A little effort is, however, required from even the most facile and best documented of writers. Sir John Lubbock's faculty of seizing upon quotations which would appeal to the best popular taste affords no guarantee for the accuracy of their form when they appear in his books. By that time they have occasionally suffered a sea-change into something not "rich" though "strange."

Thus, at page 106 of the forty-first edition of "The Pleasures of Life," published by the Macmillan Co., there may be found, in a chapter on "Poetry," the following verse which is attributed to Wordsworth:

> I think of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride;
> Of Burns, that walked in glory and in joy
> Behind his plough upon the mountain-side.

A reference to Wordsworth's poem "Resolution and Independence" will show how wide a departure the above is from the original.

On the same page is an alleged quotation from Coleridge: "that which comes from the head goes to the heart." There is a proverb centuries old, based upon universal experience, that "what comes from the heart goes to the heart" ("was vom Herzen kommt, das geht zum Herzen"). The supposed saying of Coleridge given above appears to be a distorted version of this aphorism.

The author of "The Pleasures of Life" sins, however, in good company. A few illustrations will suffice. Prof. Thomas Arnold, in the article on "English Literature" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," says of Chaucer that he "saw life *thoroughly* and saw it whole," evidently imagining that he was borrowing a line from his brother's sonnet "To a Friend," but Matthew characterized Sophocles as one "who saw life *steadily*, and saw it whole."

Matthew Arnold himself gives two lines of Keats, in his essay on Maurice de Guérin, as follows:

> moving waters at their priestlike task
> Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores.

This is by no means an improvement on the poet's expression "*pure* ablution."

R. W. Shannon.

Regina, Sask., July 21.

A PLEA FOR LAWLESSNESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the *Nation*, I know, endeavors to be sane at all times, perhaps you will permit me to say in print that of the twenty or thirty people with whom I have discussed the Frank case I have found only one who did not thoroughly approve of the lynching. They, furthermore, considered it a most justifiable rebuke to the outside influence which tried to settle the case and to Slaton, "che fece per viltat' il gran rifiuto" W. H. Allen.

Woodhaven, N. Y., August 19.

Literature

A GERMAN MADE, NOT BORN.

Immanuel Kant. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Authorized English Translation by Lord Redesdale. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co. $7.50 net.

Mr.—or, as one should doubtless rather say, Herr—Houston Stewart Chamberlain is a phenomenon more instructive than the books he writes; his career, indeed, tends to refute the most characteristic teaching of his books. He has been one of the chief apostles of a great nineteenth-century superstition, which has had no small part in producing that tragic madness now raging throughout Europe—the superstition of race. His "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" is among the most extreme, as it is among the most celebrated, expressions of the belief that there are specific ideas, modes of thought, or types of culture which are the peculiar possession of particular races or nations; that a *Weltanschauung* is somehow transmitted through the germ-plasm as an ethnic character; and that the salvation of humanity therefore depends less upon the diffusion of truth than upon the perpetuation and dominance of the stocks which are the hereditary custodians of truth. Thus, as he tells us, "a final judgment shows the intellectual renaissance" of the later Middle Ages "to be the work of Race, in opposition to the universal Church which knows no race." Yet earlier the Roman Empire "was the embodiment of the anti-national principle; this principle led to racelessness and simultaneously to intellectual and moral chaos; mankind was rescued from this chaos only by the more and more decisive development of the opposite or national principle." It is by Race that the individual as well as the species is saved:

> The man who belongs to a distinct, pure race never loses the sense of it. The guardian angel of his lineage is ever at his side, supporting him where he loses his foothold, warning him where he is in danger of going astray, compelling obedience, and forcing him to undertakings which otherwise he would never have dared to attempt. Race lifts a man above himself.

And by a race Herr Chamberlain means not only such a broad generic type as *der Germane*, of which all the peoples of Northern Europe are representatives, but also individual nations. "It is almost always the nation as a political structure that leads to the highest and most individual activities of race." It is an absurdity to maintain "that a nation of such distinct individuality as the English does not represent a race." "The English people, the Prussians, and the Spaniards have a distinct and absolutely individual character."

Now, to one of these "distinct, pure races" Herr Chamberlain belongs—to that one which, not long since, he was still disposed to regard as "the strongest in Europe." Yet, unlike the hero of "Pinafore," he has been quite unable to resist the temptation to belong to other nations; from a Briton *pur-sang* he has been spiritually translated into a character *plus Prussien que le roi de Prusse;* and "the guardian angel of his lineage" has of late been prompting him chiefly to disquisitions upon the nature and causes of the moral depravity of the race from which he descends. The son of an English admiral, and member of a family long distinguished in the British naval and military service, he settled in Germany at an impressionable age, read deeply in German philosophy and literature, and experienced the full tide of those new ideals, enthusiasms, and intellectual fashions—nearly all of them strongly impregnated with a sort of mystical nationalism—which swept over Germany after the Franco-Prussian War. The consequence is that he is one of the most conspicuous recent evidences of the fact that "national" traits of mind are chiefly the products, not of heredity, but of training, of the intellectual atmosphere a man breathes, of social suggestion in all its myriad forms. With the late Professor Cramb, with Professor Münsterberg, with our own Professor Burgess, he serves to show how little the possession of habits of thought or tendencies of feeling which all the world at present labels "German," is dependent upon race. Herr Chamberlain, meanwhile, has done much to intensify among his adoptive countrymen the tendencies which he has acquired from them; he has lent to some of their least rational and most dangerous enthusiasms the welcome ardor of a convert. His "Grundlagen" is reputed to be especially admired by the Emperor; and that exalted disciple has shown so much missionary zeal for the propagation of this gospel that he is said to have incontinently bestowed a copy of the book—two ponderous volumes in German—upon an American business man who was granted an audience for the purpose of soliciting the imperial patronage for an American world's fair.

Even the philosophy of Kant is, in the present work, represented as significant

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chiefly by virtue of its relation to the anthropological conceptions of the "Grundlagen des 19ten Jahrhunderts." Kant is the Teutonic philosopher *par excellence;* and therefore—any reader of the former book might readily have predicted this—he is the complete antithesis to all that is Semitic in philosophy and religion. It is through his doctrine that "we may emerge washed and purified from Semitic delusions after millenniums, able to adopt as our own that most modern form of primeval Aryan religion which is accurately fitted to the thought of the living present." The Kantian "idea of God is the direct contradiction of the deity of the Jewish Thorah, which to this day poisons our religious conceptions and with them all our conscious and unconscious thinking." Judaism, however, is not the only enemy of the true Germanic spirit. "The empire of intellect raised by the Teuton, the first systematic attempt to make and educate a really free, inwardly free, race," is, like his political empire, threatened by a veritable *Einkreisung* by hostile powers: clericalism on the one side, on the other "a so-called empirically scientific philosophy—a philosophy which is nominally empirical, but solves everything in abstractions and hollow balderdash." Herr Chamberlain, however, is not long content with a mere analogy between national and philosophical antagonisms; he soon slips back to his characteristic method of literally identifying them:

> Such is the state of things in the life-giving centre of Western Europe. All round is a swarming population of Tartarized Russians, a lovable people, richly gifted, though brought up and emasculated in the most contemptible superstition, in un-freedom and ignorance, destroying with the sure instinct of slaves every racial element that had up to the present given it strength and importance; far away across the world the busy, soulless yellow race; the dreaming, weakly mongrels of Oceania and South America; finally, the millions of blacks, poverty-stricken in intellect, bestially inclined, who are even now arming for the war of races in which there will be no quarter given. The man who with an open eye looks round the world to-day, a century after Kant's death, will shudder to the marrow of his bones. No danger from outside would be invincible if we true men of northern Europe, not contaminated by the slavish blood of Syria and Carthaginia, the *homines Europæi* of Linnæus (Teutons, if we only understand the word with sufficient largeness)—no danger from outside need be feared if we only had the courage to stand united and strong in the possession and in the consciousness of a freedom won, never to be lost.

How ineffably in the humor of latter-day Germany that is: the pseudo-scientific air of it all; the naïve confusion of philosophical with enthnological categories; the preoccupation with the idea of race, the hypertrophied racial self-consciousness; the national arrogance strangely combined with a panicky apprehensiveness and a habit of seeing imminent hobgoblins—Slav perils, yellow perils, black perils—on every side; the honest inability to understand the modes of thought and life of alien peoples or to conceive that the diversity of human types is a thing worth conserving; the earnest sense of a mission to save culture, otherwise in danger of perishing from the earth; withal, the touch of self-complacent cant, the loving rolling under the tongue of those blessed Teutonic words, *innere Freiheit!* How much does such a passage—written in 1905—help to make intelligible the recent conduct of the German educated public!

Towards Kant, Herr Chamberlain takes, of course, the orthodox attitude. Kant was "the keenest analyst of all times." The categorical imperative was "the sublimest thought that ever, since the days of Christ, has been thought by man":

> Right is on the side of the man with the strong fist; yet with improved lyddite bombs and such weapons we may rise superior to him; but the man with a strong head is a cosmic phenomenon, just like the sun or the dog star; he is HE; taken as a personality he is neither right nor wrong; if we wish to understand him, we must look upon him as something that is, not as something which is yet to be; he is eternal.

Whence, except from a mind that had acquired its temper in Germany, should we be likely to get quite so turgid a dithyramb, quite so extreme a manifestation of the craving to lose intellectual self-possession in an ecstasy of hero-worship—and with the worthy metaphysician of Königsberg as its object? Kant was a highly important modern philosopher; but it would need to be a small and peculiarly Germanic cosmos in which he could appear as a figure of cosmic grandeur. His personality, though, in the main, eminently deserving of respect, was meagre in its sympathies, not magnanimous, stiff, with a touch of pedantry. His one opportunity of heroic action in defence of freedom of thought and teaching he lost, exhibiting instead an unadmirable mixture of submissiveness to authority with a sort of verbal trickery. And, however significant and valuable some of his speculative *aperçus* may—or may not—be, he is scarcely the exemplar of "the man with the strong head"—unless "strength of head" carries with it no implication of clarity. There have been few professional logicians capable of such depths of logical muddle and confusion as may be found in every part of the "Kritik der reinen Vernunft." If Kant achieved new and important insights—which is debatable—it was usually more by good luck than by intellectual good management.

Herr Chamberlain's method of elucidating Kant requires that some six hundred pages be devoted to essays on Goethe, Leonardo, Bruno, Descartes, and Plato, before Kant himself is directly dealt with. The reader will therefore find in the book a more diversified range of topics than the title might lead him to expect. The interpretation of the Critical Philosophy to which all this leads need not be set forth here; it is not, in the reviewer's opinion, of great importance. This opinion, it should be said, is not shared by the author. He does not hesitate to declare that the true meaning of Kant's doctrine is now for the first time disclosed. "Upon the living centre of Kant's way of looking upon the world" the reader is warned that he "will find little or no instruction in the writings of the professional philosophers." "The starting-point of Kant's whole thought" has hitherto "been left almost universally ignored or misunderstood." "We hold centenaries in honor of Kant, but of his personality, of his philosophy, we know little or nothing." "To break this ban" was the task set himself by the author. Nor is it Kant alone whom Herr Chamberlain conceives himself virtually to have discovered. "The true Descartes," too, is "as good as unknown"; "few of our professed philosophers are so equipped as to be capable of understanding Descartes." Those, therefore, who are disposed to take the book at its author's valuation, may expect to find in it a contribution of unprecedented importance to the history of modern thought.

The translation so far transcends in badness the average badness of translations from the German that it deserves some special comment. Its most extraordinary eccentricity is the constant rendering of *Erkenntnis* by "recognition"; thus *erkenntniskritische Untersuchungen* becomes "investigations in the criticism of recognitions"! The book abounds in such schoolboy blunders as "worldly wisdom" for *Weltweisheit*, "scholasticism" for *Gelehrsamkeit*, "unanswerably careless" for *unverantwortlich vernachlässigt*, "covering name" for *Deckname*. The sense of the original is constantly missed; for example, where the author speaks of "the germ of the entire 'Kritik,'" the translator converts this into "the germ of all criticism." As for English grammar, Lord Redesdale's conception of its possibilities is illustrated by the following sentence: "Kant defines culture as 'the bringing to the front of the aptitude of a reasonable being for any and all object, consequently in its freedom.'" Yet the translator declares that the author "has read the translation from Alpha to Omega" and has certified to its "exactness." This, if literally true, can only mean that the author has become so thoroughly expatriated that he has in great part forgotten his native tongue.

CURRENT FICTION.

Penelope's Postscripts. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

After twenty-odd years of intermittent flow, the stream of Penelope's experiences runs rather thin and pale. The truth is, Penelope is already a trifle antiquated. Her piquancies and audacities have been possibly imitated, certainly outdone, by a multitude of feminine successors on the page of fiction. Beside them she appears retiring, almost commonplace. Conventional standards have so far shifted that she no longer appears so delightfully near the ragged edge. Her very witticisms are of a fading fashion, and we blush for the feeble limericks and anecdotes with which she is fain to enlarge

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these concluding pages of her confidences. At least we understand them to be concluding pages, though a Penelope would be quite as easy to resuscitate as a Sherlock Holmes or an Allan Quatermain. They certainly give us, within reasonable limits, the "ever after" of Penelope and her friends. After sundry rather perfunctory journeyings, in Venice, Switzerland, Devon, and Wales, dressed out in the whimsical manner (as far as her author can achieve it) of the Penelope of old, we get a glimpse of the wanderers at home. Francesca is married to a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and by exceeding virtue lives down the American splendors of her clothes, before the eyes of an Edinburgh congregation; Solemina yields to a middle-aged widower whom she has loved from youth, a professor in Trinity College, Dublin. Upon Penelope herself, now Mrs. Beresford, and mother of several children, the curtain falls in an idyllic posture in a New England orchard surrounded by her adoring husband and babes.

Michael O'Halloran. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Anne of the Island. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: The Page Co.

If it is painful to reflect that the better order of American fiction has become almost hopelessly feminized, it is still more ominous that the same thing should be happening to popular fiction. Melodrama has its faults, but it is not all slush and mush; at its best there is a kind of male strength about it. Perhaps it is better that the national type of auditor should be even the tired business man, rather than the silly high school girl—the flapper, as Britain hath it.

We have here the latest goods of two successful dealers in flapper literature. They have established their "line," and have only to keep up the output. The author of "Michael O'Halloran" is no doubt remembered by many grateful hearts as writer of "A Girl of the Limberlost" and "Freckles." She is mistress of a recipe of cuteness, triteness, and sentimentality which cannot fail. Her persons and plots may be absurd, her manner ridiculous, a compound of the comic supplement and the ladies' supplement—so much the better. Machael O'Halloran's newsboy rigmarole cannot be too boldly contrasted with the real elegant language of her ladies and gents.

"Happily," says the hero, Douglas Bruce, to his potential father-in-law who has just offered him a political job, "happily, I have sufficient annual income from my father's estate to enable me to live until I become acquainted in a strange city, and have time to establish the kind of business I would care to handle. I am thinking of practicing corporation law; I specialized in that, so I may have the pleasure before very long of going after some of the men who do what you so aptly term the dirty jobs."

"A repetition of the customary chorus," replies Mr. Winton, "differing only in that it is a little more emphatic than usual. I predict that you will become an office-holder, having party affiliations, inside ten years."

Michael is a little more amusing than this, in spots, but this orphan newsboy who adopts and rears a slum child has as little reality as Little Lord Fauntleroy. The ridiculous episode of the rich Minturns who permit their youngest child to have her skull cracked by a French maid, and conceal the cause of her death, again brings home the truth that people of wealth and fashion are commonly brutes and wantons, while newsboys and beggar maidens vainly set them examples of virtue and good manners.

Miss Montgomery's Anne of the Island is of course none other than the Anne of Green Gables and of Avonlea, who has hitherto found a market (say her publishers) to the tune of some half a million copies, and who threatens to become another Elsie for sequels. She is here brought to the verge of matrimony; so the worst may be over, since this is the kind of fiction which naturally ends with wedding bells. It is an altogether foolish and adequate account of Anne as a "co-ed." An adoring Gilbert appears on page three, who is clearly Anne's chosen, but, of course, the author puts him off by a series of transparent expedients till it is convenient for him to do the trick. It all "comes out right" in the end, which is the main thing. All that is desirable in this kind of fable is a perfunctory fumbling with obstacles in the interest of sentimental contrast.

AN IMPUDENT FRAUD.

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.50 net.

This volume would not be worth noticing in a review were it not for the fact that the unwary reader is likely to be deceived by the author's apparent possession of a great amount of secret and accurate information. The bald statement, however, of his most important "secrets," when stripped of the apparently circumstantial detail which he freely invents to suit his purposes, is sufficient to show their absurdity. Thus, though it is well known that Bismarck settled the *Kulturkampf* himself in the late 'seventies, "Dr." Graves transfers the whole question to the 'nineties, and has Emperor William II settle it by a personal visit to the Vatican (pp. 39-43). The present war was caused by the Czar's confessor, who felt himself insulted at not being allowed to board the yacht Hohenzollern by the gangway reserved for royalty (pp. 78-84). The Archduke Frederick (*sic*) and his consort were sent to their death at Sarajevo because it was so willed by one of the lady-friends of the Emperor of Austria (pp. 84-87). The German Crown Prince was banished to Danzig (*sic*) after his father, discovering him in the rooms of an (unnamed) American girl, "had hauled off and planted a resounding whack on the left side of his son's proboscis" (p. 92). The Crown Prince Frederick became an enthusiastic advocate of the Franco-Prussian war because he was refused a dance by Empress Eugénie when he went to a ball in Paris in disguise (pp. 96-97). Most ludicrous, perhaps, is "Dr." Graves's explanation of Madame Caillaux's shooting of the editor of *Figaro* (pp. 116-139). Emperor William II went to Paris incognito to talk with M. Caillaux; the meeting was discovered by M. Calmette; as it would never do for the existence of such a meeting to be made public, the German Government secretly egged on Madame Caillaux to assassinate M. Calmette. On one page the knowing author states that "it is a notorious fact that wars and acts of aggression are never entered into by the Hohenzollerns until they have reached the age of forty" (p. 12); a little later this same "notorious fact" becomes "the greatest secret of the Hohenzollerns" (p. 98). Of course, this fact is not a fact at all; for, to mention only the Kaiser's two most illustrious ancestors, the Great Elector was only thirty-one when he made a war of aggression on Neuburg, and thirty-six when he treacherously attacked Poland; and Frederick the Great was only twenty-eight when he began the notorious Silesian wars of conquest.

The author's *modus operandi* would seem to be to take some well-known event and then to draw from his own fertile imagination a wild, romantic explanation for it. Intermingled with the resulting "secrets" is a strange mixture of gossip, platitudes, and political sense and nonsense, such as a porter or courier might overhear in lobbies and smoking-rooms of European hotels. To give an air of verisimilitude to the unwary, "Dr." Graves strews his pages glibly with foreign names and expressions in italics, but it is characteristic of his carelessness and ignorance that most of these are misspelled. He is equally in error in thinking that the Blacks and Clericals are distinct parties (p. 35), that Bismarck's successor was von Hohenlohe (p. 37), that Sir Edward Grey is an earl (p. 95), that "Dalmatia is purely Italian in intent and proclivities" (p. 217), and that "analogous" is synonymous with "conglomerate" (pp. 214, 217). The "Pariser Bahnhof" in Berlin, of which he speaks familiarly (p. 132), never existed, nor would the Emperor starting on his alleged journey to the Vatican depart from "the *Lehrter* (depot)," (*sic*, p. 39). When the author's statements are particularly untrustworthy he has the impudence to add a footnote asserting his personal part in the affair as proof certain of his veracity. "The author himself carried the documents" which were to insure the neutrality of Italy in the present war (p. 200); "The author was instrumental in gathering information" which enabled the Hohenzollerns to prevent a marriage between the Belgian royal family and a German house, "thus frustrating a hope of the Braganzas (*sic*) of making the two countries one" (p. 193).

Aside from other considerations, the author's charlatanry is sufficiently indicated by his presuming to reproduce the Kaiser's exact words, with quotation marks, at most secret interviews when no one was present

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except the chiefs of the secret service. So we see the Emperor "pounding the table" and defying both grammar and philology as he curses, "*Beim Annherrn* ("by my ancestors," *sic*, pp. 127, 131). "Dr." Graves likewise describes a very select dinner given to Prince Henry of Prussia by the late J. P. Morgan; after the Prince had "sojourned to the bar where three Scotch and sodas were imbibed in as many minutes," questionable stories began to circulate, the atmosphere became "pretty torrid," dress-coats were "peeled off," and the great financier announced dinner with the words, "Come on, boys, and grab some eats" (p. 233).

The really astonishing thing is that a self-respecting publishing house should issue such a book under any other guise than fiction.

REALISM AND FANCY.

Borderlands and Thoroughfares. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This latest volume of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, author of "Daily Bread," "Fires," and "Womenkind," shows improved workmanship, with no loss of vigor in expression or imaginative fancy. The longer and more ambitious pieces constituting the "Borderlands" are markedly superior, in almost every way, to the cruder and more laborious sketches of the "Thoroughfares." Unequal as his work yet is, there can be no question of poetic ability. "The Queen's Crags" is a most effective bit of swift and vivid descriptive dialogue between an old hind and a young one on the Westmoreland Fells. For the most part it is the simplest prose chopped into irregular lengths, but it is good prose, singularly appropriate to the speakers and the wild environment, rugged and crisp, and constantly illumined by flashes of pictorial suggestion. The spot is associated with a legend of Arthur and Guinevere, the time is midsummer eve, and the talk is of queens. The old man, garrulous, tells how in his youth he was enamored of a gypsy queen in a circus, and his description of the dazzling creature in the arena, in the curtest and homeliest phrases, is a striking example of realism gilded by fancy. Once again, with his wife by his side, he encountered his charmer, crippled and broken, but still able to bewitch him, with the glory of her eyes and teeth and shining black hair. The young man, a dreamer, tells how, in a thunderstorm, he surprised Guinevere herself, in a secret cave, seated, like the circus majesty, on a golden throne, combing her golden hair. A second time he saw her, in the open, and he is confidently awaiting a third encounter. In his relation there is the happiest combination of simple speech with aptness of natural imagery. Suddenly the pair are confronted by the apparition of a queenly form framed in the rays of the setting sun, who presently is revealed as a local beauty, the red-haired Peggy Haliburton. The blend of realism and fancy is, throughout, exceedingly felicitous.

"Bloody Bush Edge," the longest piece in the collection, exhibits a similar power of poetic description in blunt phrasing—though it contains several passages of pure poetry—but is chiefly notable as a study of contrasts in habit and character. Virtually a dialogue, the interlocutors are a half-witted vagabond and a cockney criminal tramp, who meet at midnight on the moors on the Scottish and English border. Daft Dick, whose only industry is poaching, is a voluntary denizen of the wilds, loves no roof but the sky, is familiar with every border legend, and peoples his haunts with ghosts of which he has no dread. The tramp, gutter-bred, is only happy in the crowded slums of cities, from which he is driven by the police, loathes solitude, and is a prey to every superstition. The cough of a sheep has sent him floundering, in breathless terror, through bog and heather, until he stumbles upon the irresponsible and fearless Dick. The conference between the two is delightful in its naturalness and psychological insight. Mutual confessions lead to mutual recriminations. Dick tells stirring tales of reivers' forays and ghostly sallies, until his companion's nerves are all on edge, and finally starts him scampering anew through bog and brake to avoid the onset of phantom beeves. Pregnant speech, atmospheric verity, and vivid imagery contribute to the dramatic interest.

In "Hoops," a wastrel hunchback—once a gentleman, now a circus stable-hand—rallies a stalwart clown, who is downhearted because he has, for the first time, missed a hoop and fears the approach of physical decay. Here, too, the power lies in the apt expression of picturesque and vigorous thought in rugged lines, but occasionally the educated cripple rises to flights of eloquent and musical verse. In describing the elephants and camels, among which his lot is cast, he contrasts the brutes in realistic and apposite terms which Kipling could scarcely better, but when, in fierce contempt of the sturdy clown's lament and his own warped trunk, he expatiates upon the privileges and beauty of perfect manhood, he speaks with pathos and melody. His visions of a Mediterranean diver, a dancing fisherman, a cragsman of St. Kilda, a Cleveland puddler, a marble Hermes, and a dream figure of Diana are pen-pictures of great beauty and distinction. The philosophy of the poem is sane and virile.

The shorter pieces of earlier date, in "Thoroughfares," are mostly thumbnail sketches, suggested by incidents of city life. The best of them, however, "The Vixen," "Ragamuffins," and "The Goose," are of the country and owe no inspiration to the town. Mr. Gibson is at his best when nearest to nature. His mastery of pungent and significant vocabulary is exemplified in many of his fragments, but most of them, even when graced by touches of fresh imagination, are labored, artificial, and extravagant. As studies in concentrated expression, they are often interesting, but they resemble exercises rather than the fruit of inspiration.

DR. BILLINGS.

John Shaw Billings: A Memoir. By Fielding H. Garrison. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Even in our American life, where versatility is prized as a mark of leadership, it is seldom that one of our great men wins real and lasting distinction in more than a single calling. One of the rare exceptions to this general rule was the threefold career of Dr. John Shaw Billings, who, as an operating surgeon in the Civil War, attained the front rank of his profession, in later years became perhaps the foremost medical bibliographer of his time, as well as one of the ablest of hospital administrators, and died as the executive head and organizer of one of the world's great libraries. Nor was he merely a coördinator of other men's learning; by right of his own sound wisdom and practical sense he was an authority in hygiene, consulted and respected by European scientists as were few other Americans. Although never a practicing physician, Dr. Billings was one of the small group who to Europe represented the medical profession of the United States. The late Dr. Weir Mitchell, his life-long friend, was another member of that group.

An authorized account of Dr. Billings's life and labors has been prepared by Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, of the Surgeon-General's Office. This volume naturally emphasizes the importance of Dr. Billings's earlier services, some of which had been partially lost sight of in recent years amid changed scenes and activities. Fortunately, letters and journals were available, and Dr. Garrison has utilized these and similar materials to good purpose. In the main, they tell the story.

Born in southeastern Indiana, in 1838, young Billings, in his early struggles for an education, faced conditions that we commonly associate with frontier life. He worked his way through Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and then through the Medical College of Ohio at Cincinnati. The outbreak of the war in 1861 found him a graduate in medicine and a demonstrator in anatomy at his medical college. He volunteered as an army surgeon, and after examination was appointed first lieutenant and assistant surgeon. Before the ink on his commission was dry he was placed in charge of Cliffburne Hospital, at Georgetown, D. C., which he developed into one of the most important of the army hospitals surrounding the Federal capital. That so young a man—he was then only twenty-four—with no previous military experience or training, should have such responsibilities literally thrust upon him early in the war, was not an altogether exceptional instance; what was really significant was the masterful way in which this young man dominated the situation, created order and system, inspired those about him with his own sense of loyalty to his calling, and accepted the most exacting duties with the easy self-confidence of a veteran in the service.

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Dr. Garrison's account of the young army surgeon's experiences (one of the few contributions to that branch of Civil War history) is noteworthy more as a study in administration, and a picture of conditions in time of war, than for any light that it throws on the professional practice of the time. In a day when antiseptic surgery was unknown, we can only wonder that the percentage of deaths was not far greater than it was. At Chancellorsville and Gettysburg Dr. Billings performed many operations with a success that shines the more brilliantly against the limitations and handicaps of improvised field hospitals (at times under fire) and the myriad distractions of battle.

The war ended, the scene of action is shifted to the national capital, where for thirty years Dr. Billings, remaining in the army medical service, found his opportunity for working out original plans for the advancement of his chosen science. At first there was everything in his duties and environment calculated to smother ambitions of that kind. An associate described his work at that time as "arid drudgery among invoices and receipts, requisitions and bills of lading, treasury drafts and auditors' decisions." This was not a favorable atmosphere for either the conception or execution of scientific undertakings; yet it was during these years of tiresome routine and grind that Dr. Billings blocked out the "Index Catalogue" of medical literature—a work which within a very few years gave him a place among the foremost bibliographers of any age or country. The library of the Surgeon-General's Office, growing rapidly under his direction, was the basis of this work, but the compilation of such a catalogue was a distinct service to medical science throughout the world and has been so recognized. It was admirably supplemented by the monthly *Index Medicus*, conducted for many years by Dr. Robert Fletcher, a colleague, and at present edited by Dr. Garrison, the author of this memoir.

Here was a man whom the routine of office could not confine. Such was the range of his interest and his zest for constructive learning that within the first decade of his life in Washington he had gained a national reputation as an expert and statistician in hygiene and sanitation. As an outcome of this came the call to supervise the erection and organization of the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. This was a task that called for the best that was in him. It demanded a dozen years of planning and building and then the assembling of a faculty and staff and the creation of a school of medicine such as this continent had never known.

Dr. Billings had behind him a record of thirty years of constructive effort when, at the age of fifty-seven, he was called to the directorship of the New York Public Library, created by the merging of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. After his retirement from the army, he devoted the last seventeen years of his life to a task that might well have demanded the energies of a younger man—a task, too, that revealed in the doer unsuspected abilities. In the planning of the great central library building and the system of circulating libraries made possible by the Carnegie bounty, Dr. Billings rendered an enduring service, which New York has not failed to recognize. Indeed, those achievements of his later years are so well known that Dr. Garrison seems to have thought it unnecessary to give as much space in the memoir to their recital as to the matters already mentioned. In this judgment most readers will probably concur; yet we could have wished a somewhat fuller presentation of the views of library management and the relations of a library to its constituency that prevailed in fixing the policy of so important an institution as the New York Public Library.

Surveying this unusual career as a whole, one can hardly avoid the conclusion that its chief distinction was in the two fields of bibliography and the administration of hospitals, rather than in librarianship. The New York Public Library would somehow have been set going by other hands. There were helpful models already in operation, Boston and Chicago, for example. But it may well be questioned whether any other American could single-handed have originated an "index catalogue," or built the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the '70's and '80's of the last century.

An important feature of the memoir is a bibliography of Dr. Billings's writings prepared by Miss Adelaide R. Hasse. There is also a genealogy of the Billings family in America.

MISSIONARY INDIA.

The Arya Samaj: An Indian Movement. By Lajpat Rai. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

India: Its Life and Thought. By John P. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Written from rival camps in the world's oldest mission field, these two books lend themselves to an intimate juxtaposition. For the student of missionary India each complements the other, and to our mind they adumbrate the same idealism. Both writers have worked passionately for India's future. Mr. Rai's endeavor, backed by an aggressive society in its purpose of reviving Hinduism to its pristine, intellectual standard, has, on one occasion, led to his summary deportation by the British, while Mr. Jones records the experience of a long exile as a Christian missionary-educator. Both writers give a definite idea of the political, religious, and intellectual ferment now agitating India.

It would be misleading to indicate that these or recent writers on India report a great, widespread renaissance: the fact remains that, besides lacking homogeneity, India's submerged masses proportionately equal China's. Not for another decade will the beginnings of compulsory education, as incorporated in the late Mr. Gokhale's tentative bill, bear fruit. And yet the latest Blue Book is sanguine, stating that since 1912 the total amount allotted for education has grown from 3¾ to 5¼ millions sterling. These figures are, of course, hopelessly disproportionate to the illiterate masses of India, yet Mr. Jones's discouraging statistics "that only 1 in 10 of the males, and 1 in 144 of the females can read" may rapidly become obsolete. The phenomenal growth of literates in India, due to greater social fluidity and the spread of modern ideas, is perpetually flouting the statistician. What the bazaars accomplished of old is now augmented by a growing vernacular press and increased facilities for travel. Of the Indian press Mr. Jones remarks that in hardly any country does it enjoy greater liberty, and "there is no land where that liberty is more abused."

The two books are thus concerned with those vitalizing currents which are at work upon the vanguard of India's reformers. Both writers, however, tell us from a full experience that these manifestations are not, as the cables infer, an expression of a united India, but rather of her intellectuals. In Mr. Jones's more comprehensive study we are immediately plunged into the matter of India's unrest, while Mr. Rai tacitly admits that his society has been suspect of the British. It is, after all, in the manner by which she shall fulfil her promised destiny that our two authors disagree about India. Mr. Rai's hope of India's salvation is not unlike Mr. Lowes Dickinson's: his vision of her nationalization allows of any but Christian or European influences. With Mr. Dickinson he feels that, in her adoption of Western materialism, India will disintegrate, and lose her old spiritual consciousness. Mr. Jones predicts a great gain for India as a result of her contact with Christianity and Western institutions, and he attributes her awakening to a share of the present *Weltschmerz* that is obliterating the artificial barriers between East and West.

Though he is prone to a special view, Mr. Jones has given us a great deal of disinterested information. Including chapters on the political situation and on the more fortunate dependency of Burma, but omitting the nearer Ceylon, he has devoted most attention to the traditional religions of India and to her modern religious movements. Touching the question of Indian unrest, he is impartial and illuminating. While justly demanding extended suffrage and a larger share for Indians in higher administration, Mr. Jones considers them, as does Mr. Rai, their own enemies: Moderates and Radicals fail to find a common platform, and are themselves keenly sensible of this lack of public spirit. Attributing no small part of the present misunderstanding between emancipated Indians and their rulers to the traditional Anglo-Saxon self-sufficiency, Mr. Jones believes that the vital issue is the question of ultimate Indian or British paramountcy in India's administration. In this valuable political diagnosis it is a pity that he fails to estimate the new school of Indian political thought characterized by the "Servants of

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India" movement, founded in 1905 by Gopal Krishna Gokhale. This political movement is strictly unsectarian, but the omission, and the absence of the great leader's name from the Index, is to be regretted. Conspicuously honored by the British, respected by Radical and Moderate for his devotion to India's cause, Mr. Gokhale's death last January is a loss that India will increasingly realize. Mr. Rai also debars the unsectarian Gokhale from his pages, though we run across the ubiquitous Tagore.

A great part of Mr. Rai's book is devoted to the life and activities of the Swami Dayananda, founder of the Arya Samaj, and a better idea of the purposes of the society is thus obtained than from the discursive pages on its subsequent growth. The Arya Samaj is a virile sign of the reaction against their own religious and intellectual decadence by advanced Hindus, and is inspired by the ruthless criticism to which that decadence has been subjected by Western scholarship. Dayananda's society questions the sources of Brahman authority, the irrelevant accretions of custom and myth acquired by the Hindu fabric under its Brahman hierarchy, and it insists upon a return to the pure inspiration of the Vedas and a pre-Brahmanic theocracy. A detailed account of its educational platform appeared in the *Nation*, Vol. 95, pp. 76-77. This propaganda of the Arya Samaj forms a considerable influence in that zone of intellectual Hinduism that is closed to Christian activity. Perhaps it is unfortunate that this theistic society should be regarded as inimical by missionaries. Mr. Jones feels "there is to-day in north India no enemy to the Christian cause so wide awake and so bitter as the Arya Samaj." Mr. Rai reminds us that his society, while opposed to Christianity and the current Hinduism, has for its chief object the reconversion of Mohammedan Rajputs to the new Hinduism.

It is significant to find in Mr. Jones's valuable chapter on these movements that caste is the issue on which there is dissent, and the steady growth of an emancipated type of Hindu must be regarded as one of the most encouraging signs of a new India. While the sturdy rationalism of this class is opposed to Christian influences, yet it is more virulent towards the discredited Hindu hierarchy of its ancestors. India will always remain the home of cults and creeds, and her complicated ethnic elements, in assuming national orientation, have now evolved numerous religious and political *samajes*, all of which greatly contribute towards her eventual emancipation. Mr. Jones loyally admits that the Arya Samaj "is a bulwark against drink, caste, idolatry, early marriages," and "vigorously promotes female education, the remarriage of widows, and various philanthropic institutions." To this we may add Mr. Rai's chary admission that "it would be futile to deny that Christianity is gaining ground. . . . It is no satisfaction to be told that the work of conversion to Christianity is limited mainly to the depressed classes."

Notes

Harper & Bros. publish this week "Pudd'nhead Wilson" in their new Limp-Leather Edition of Mark Twain.

Mr. John Trevena's new novel, "Moyle Church-Town," will be published in this country late in September by Alfred A. Knopf.

Artzibashef's Novel, "Breaking-Point," is announced for publication on September 10 by B. W. Huebsch.

Included in the list of autumn publications of the Yale University Press are the following: "Economic Aspects of the War," by Edwin J. Clapp; "Aspects of Islam," by Ignaz Goldziher, translated from the German by Kate E. Chambers; "The Hostage," a translation of Paul Claudel's "L'Otage," by Clara Bell, and "The Physiology of the Amino-Acids," by Frank P. Underhill.

The following are among the recent or forthcoming publications of Scribners: "The Freelands," by John Galsworthy; "Aunt Jane," by Jennette Lee; "The Real Man," by Francis Lynde; "Somewhere in France," a book of stories by Richard Harding Davis; "The Rose-Coloured Room," by Maude Little; a Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for boys and girls, by Jacqueline Overton; "Socialized Germany," by Frederic C. Howe; "A History of Christian Missions," by Canon C. H. Robinson, which will be followed presently by "The Latin Church in the Middle Ages," by André Lagarde.

We have received from the Oxford University Press the Oxford Edition of "The Arabian Nights," being a selection, for the most part, from Lane's translation, with 46 illustrations by A. B. Houghton and others. The price is one shilling sixpence net.

Prizes have been offered by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney for the purpose of creating a competition in art on the subject "The Immigrant in America." For the best works in painting or sculpture the prizes are four in number, ranging from $500 to $50. There is a prize of $100 for the successful work in black and white drawing, and one of the same amount for poster design. An exhibition of the works winning the prizes and of others selected by the jury of awards will be held at Mrs. Whitney's studio, 8 West Eighth Street, from November 15 to December 15.

Incidental to the celebration of the semi-centennial of the opening of Vassar College to be held at Poughkeepsie in October, President Taylor and Miss Haight have written a history of the college for the American College and University series (Oxford University Press, American Branch). The book covers the life of the college from its beginning to the close of President Taylor's administration, and contains some preliminary discussion of the state of education for women before the opening of Vassar. It will be uniform with the earlier volumes of the series and will be published in October.

The fifth volume of the Oxford Historical and Literary Studies contains a selection of the works of Henry Tubbe, edited, with a biographical introduction, by G. C. Moore Smith. This very minor celebrity was born in 1618; was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1635; took the degree of M.A. in 1642; was disappointed in his ambition to obtain a fellowship; abandoned his intention of entering the church, owing to the upheaval of the times and to a "scurvy cold" which never left him; and for the rest of his brief life (ending in 1655) was a retainer of some sort of the Hertfords at Essex House and then tutor to the sons of the Earl of Thanet at Hothfield. His works he left to posterity, beautifully written out in manuscripts collected in two volumes and preserved in the British Museum. One of these volumes was evidently prepared for the press and contains "Meditations: In Three Centuries," a title which immediately recalls the now famous work of Traherne. Four years after Tubbe's death a selection of these "Meditations" was printed, and a specimen of them is given in the present volume by Mr. Smith. The bulk of our reprint is from the poems in Tubbe's second manuscript volume. They have a mild historical interest, as showing the temper of the cultivated Royalist in those trying times. To our taste altogether the best of the poems is the first, which rises in some of its lines to real beauty:

> . . . when Thou & I
> That never single were, must part and dye:
> Our Friends (I hope) will be so liberall
> And kind, to let us have one Buriall,
> One Grave to blend our Ashes, as one Life
> Did mix our equall Hearts with mutuall strife
> Of friendship & Delight. There (as Wise Men
> Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen
> Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;
> Free from the trouble of these earthly Grotts;
> Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,
> Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,
> A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet
> Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.

Tubbe's letters, though not exciting, are of more value than his literature, and the editor has expended a good deal of diligence in weaving them into a narrative. Students of the age will find some material here, and there is a genuine human interest in the pathetic lot of this ambitious and thwarted poet.

A large part of John Burroughs's "The Breath of Life" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.15 net) consists of a delightful monologue, in which the author dwells upon the more baffling phase of the riddle of the universe. The treatment of the great mystery is not at all devotional, but is strictly reverential.

The Wordsworthian sense in nature of "something far more deeply interfused" than the principles of exact science, is probably the source of nearly if not quite all that this volume holds. To the rigid man of science this is frank mysticism; but without a sense of the unknown and the unknowable, life is flat and barren. Without the emotion of the beautiful, the sublime, the mysterious, there is no art, no religion, no literature. How to get from the clod under foot to the brain and consciousness of man without invoking something outside of and superior to, natural laws is the question. For my own part, I content myself with the thought of some unknown and doubtless unknowable tendency or power on the elements themselves, a kind of universal mind pervading living matter and the reason of its living, through which the whole drama of evolution is brought about.

The work may be regarded as a serious attempt to satisfy the mind with pantheistic conceptions, and it therefore contains many striking passages dealing with the most interesting of the modern theories of matter

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and the forms of force. As might be expected, the author does not always present very clearly such obscure matters as radioactivity, the electrons, and the like, but he does not lead his readers far astray. The part of the volume which will appeal to a large number of thinkers is the chapter in which the European war is considered.

Four recent addresses by the President of Princeton are brought into a little book by Scribners with the title "The Higher Patriotism" (60 cents). "Preparedness and Peace" is the speech with which President Hibben fluttered the dovecotes at Lake Mohonk. "Might or Right" was delivered before an ecclesiastical audience. "Martial Valor in Times of Peace" is a baccalaureate sermon. President Hibben expresses with dignity and restraint the average enlightened view of patriotic Americans who are as far from militarism on the one hand as they are from extreme pacifism on the other. Of this resolute but generally silent majority President Hibben is the spokesman.

"Roger Bacon. Essays Contributed by Various Writers on the Occasion of the Commemoration of the Seventh Centenary of His Birth," collected and edited by A. G. Little (Oxford University Press), is a valuable volume, though it lacks the artistic finish appropriate in a memorial. More than a dozen British and Continental scholars have contributed papers to illustrate the many sides of Bacon's genius. The editor, Mr. Little, writes an excellent introduction on Bacon's life and works. A collection of this kind, popular in England of late, suffers almost inevitably, even after editorial revision, from repetitions, contradictions, and the lack of balance. It is like a statue on which diverse artists have collaborated, a realist fashioning the nose, an impressionist the lips, and a futurist the contour. Far better the ordinary *Festschrift*, in which the assemblage of different articles makes no claim to either unity or completeness. Or, if the raw material of the separate investigations had been turned over to Mr. Little or M. Picavet, who gives an admirable account of philosophic movements in the thirteenth century, either scholar could have produced a comprehensive, illuminating, and interesting treatise on Roger Bacon. The present work, like the various Cambridge Histories, must be consulted, but it does not invite consecutive reading.

Apart from this general criticism, we have nothing but praise for the contents of these essays. "The Influence of Robert Grosseteste" (L. Baur), "The Latin Vulgate" (Cardinal Gasquet), "Philology" (S. A. Hirsch), "Mathematics" (D. E. Smith), "Optics" (E. Weidemann), "Alchemy and Chemistry" (Pattison Muir), "Gunpowder" (Col. H. W. L. Hime), "Medicine" (E. Withington), "English Literature" (Sir J. E. Sandys)—these titles and authors indicate the range of subjects and the competency of the treatment. The composite picture shows us in Bacon a man of erudition, devoted to exactness in science, mathematics, and philology, and yet headed towards theology as the supreme goal of thought. His last dated work is the "Compendium Studii Theologiæ." Though original in methods and in observation, humanistic in his passion for texts, and notably disdainful of authority, Bacon, no less than St. Thomas Aquinas or Albertus Magnus, was committed to the scholastic programme; incidentally, the scholastic programme had room for many things. Mr. Little concludes the volume with an extremely important appendix, containing a list of Bacon's works, with references to the manuscripts and printed editions. Part of a fund has been raised to publish Bacon's still inedited treatises, a cause deserving every encouragement and, we hope, not abandoned in the grim necessities of the hour.

A book valuable as a survey of the subject indicated by its title, but more notable as a document in the debate between advocates of "dual" and of "unitary" control of the elementary and industrial schools, Frederick William Roman's "The Industrial and Commercial Schools of the United States and Germany" (Putnam; $1.50 net), represents eight years of study following the author's appointment by Kentucky to investigate European school systems. The historical survey of the development of industrial and commercial continuation schools in Germany since 1836, and the account of the more recent rise of trade schools, are pedestrian enough; and the parallel description of American industrial schools, treating those established by endowment, as the Pratt Institute and the California School of Industrial Art, the brewing schools, and other private special schools, and the recent wave of interest in State or municipal-supported vocational schools, is distinguished only by its thoroughness. Even the trade courses of the Christian associations and the work of the "business colleges" are included. An ever-present fault is the author's tendency to present a series of excerpts from the many reports and bulletins on such institutions without genuine attempt to digest them. His preoccupation with facts leads also to a neglect of theory, and of the social and pedagogical implications of the new movements. The final division, however, comparing American with German control and organization of the industrial schools, is an effective answer to those who have argued that European experience shows the necessity of putting trade instruction into the hands of joint boards representing labor and industry, while leaving the regular studies to the State. The question has had much legislative discussion of late. Mr. Roman defends the theory of "unitary" control, and shows conclusively not only that it predominates in south Germany, but that Prussia and Hessen are moving towards its adoption.

Mr. Stephen Graham's "Russia and the World" (Macmillan; $2 net), contains articles which have already appeared in the *English Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the London *Times*. Mr. Graham has been the most prolific writer on Russia since the outbreak of war, but to many he has become a distinct disappointment and not a little of a puzzle. In his first writings on Russia he both charmed and convinced. He has seen and described one side of Russia, the Russian peasantry, which westerners have never had put before them with such force and charm, as in his "Undiscovered Russia." As other books came from his pen, one saw deeper into Mr. Graham's own psychology. He is an avowed enemy of the modern commercial spirit. When he penetrated into north-eastern Russia, it was perhaps in part to escape the materialism of his own country; he was most happy among the Russian peasants, the mystic side of their character having for him a strong appeal; he accompanied them in their pilgrimage to Jerusalem and gave a wonderful picture of these people of honest but simple faith. But, as he travelled more in Russia, he saw that "western" ideas were penetrating even into the village. The discovery grieved him, and in his subsequent writings the tendency to preach has become more and more apparent. "Russia the sanctuary from Westernism" is Graham's own phrase, and as he has found this sanctuary being "invaded," the preacher has developed into almost the crank. He departed from his original line of study, plunged into politics, and began to flounder about in a distressing manner. In the present book, one can admire the way the author has seized and described this or that fact of Russian life, but one-sided and unfair statements are numerous. Frequently we find a mere paraphrase of what we have heard from the Russian reactionaries. He does not want the Russian peasant educated: "If you educate the peasant, he will cease to want to plough . . . . The peasants are happy on the land, thanks to the satisfying popular rites of their religion, thanks to village customs, village songs, village sociabilities. Do not pervert them *en masse*." There is sufficient truth in some of what Mr. Graham says about Russia, especially about the peasants, to make one always read him carefully, but one resents his careless generalizations. The Russian peasantry is backward and still too apathetic, though there are many evidences that these faults are being corrected by the peasants themselves, on their own initiative. But Mr. Graham finds that "Russia's instinctive struggle is against 'Westernism,'" and by "Westernism" he means the very things which the best minds in Russia have been trying to develop.

There is one side of the Russian peasant's character, his strong humanity and kindliness, that Mr. Graham in his earlier books taught the western reader to recognize and appreciate. But now he tells us that "the Russian peasant soldier regards the enemy as vermin that must be destroyed"; though on the very next page we are told that "there is . . . no malice, no lust, not much delight in cruelty, but, on the other hand, no squeamishness." Again the writer contradicts himself when he discusses the closing of the vodka shops. He speaks of the "Russian nation's sudden passion for sobriety"; a few lines later he tells us that "when what was practically a national measure of local veto was adopted, the whole of Russia from Czar to peasant woman was swept with a temperance ardor . . . and long before the war thousands of spirit shops had been sealed owing to popular demand." Then we are told that "Russia was made sober not by act of Parliament, but by something more powerful than that, more ready, more simple—by word of Czar. . . . So Russia was rejoiced by the Czar, by one of the most amazing personal acts in the modern history of civilization." One must protest against the author's logic, as well as against his political theories. One regrets that Mr. Graham did not continue along his original line, and give us the results of his own actual study of the life of the Russian peasant. By his latest writings he has made many less ready to accept his judgment on this special aspect of Russian life, which he had come to know most intimately, and which he described with great accuracy and remarkable charm

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"Quaint, quaint," will be the British comment of the American reader of "America of the Americans" (Scribner), by Henry C. Shelley, the latest addition to the long Countries and Peoples series. The impression will not be derived from the humor of the volume. The compiler has, to be sure, culled from his various sources many witty remarks, but they are quite by way of relief from the seriousness of the discussion. Nor will the quaintness be found in the numerous mistakes. The author does, indeed, speak of "prohibited laws" when he obviously means "prohibitive." He praises a celebrated critic under the name of Paul Elder More. He lists no *McClure's Magazine,* but does refer to *McClure's Monthly.* Surprising as such slips are, they do not betray incompetence. Mr. Shelley has prepared several books before this, and knows how to find and handle the various authorities on the phases of life in the United States which he selects for treatment. But he does betray a lack of personal familiarity with conditions here and a faultiness of perspective that at times lead to grotesque results. Of one of our newspapers he declares: "Another great service rendered by the *World* is the annual publication of its 'World Almanac and Encyclopedia,' the latest issue of which extends to no fewer than 836 pages of closely printed reading matter," and then makes the curious addition, "plus nearly 200 pages of advertisements." In discussing The Magazines he makes no mention of the *Atlantic Monthly* among either the popular horde or the three of higher grade. The superficiality of the treatment is most obvious in the chapter on Social Problems, where labor conditions and the negro question are taken up from one point of view and another with insufficient attention to consistency or to the underlying causes of unrest. It should be added, however, that the chapters are clearly written and that the insular prepossessions are a source of interest even in the unexpected prominence given to some features of our life. The thirty illustrations, chiefly half-tones from photographs, should help to clarify for English readers every subject attacked.

Two new volumes of the publications of the Champlain Society have just been issued: volume ix of the series is the second volume of Knox's "Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America," edited by A. G. Doughty, the Dominican Archivist; volume xi is the third volume of Grant and Biggar's edition of Lescarbot's "History of New France." The second volume of Knox's Journal is devoted to the campaigns of 1759 and 1760. The editing is excellently done. There are many portraits, and some useful maps, particularly one of the Lake Champlain region. The text of this volume contains rather less of physiographical description and political and economic comment than the preceding one (see *Nation,* April 29), and its value is therefore more purely military. Besides a great number of official orders, the journal contains the text of the articles providing for the capitulation of Quebec, Niagara, and Montreal.

Of more general interest is Marc Lescarbot's charming history of New France, the present volume of which contains the most interesting part of all, the part devoted to a description of the manners and customs of the Indians. This part, the sixth book, has indeed a value for the student of the history of French thought as well as for the student of Canadian origins. The idealization of the "State of Nature" was by no means peculiar to the eighteenth century; and it is so characteristic a sentiment in Lescarbot's history that one might suppose him a contemporary of Rousseau, were it not for the quality of his prose and his attitude towards the Church and religion. He sings the praises of the simple life in opposition to the artificial conditions of French society, and of agriculture as opposed to commerce and the professional occupations, although, perhaps because, he was himself a lawyer. It is "Mother Earth" alone, he says, "that nourishes us, warms us, lodges us, is contrary to us in nothing, and she is set at naught, and those who till her are laughed at; they are placed below the idle and the blood-suckers of the people. All this is done here where corruption holds a great empire, but in New France the Golden Age must be brought in again, the ancient crowns of ears of wheat must be renewed, and the highest glory made that which the ancient Romans called *gloria adorea,* a glory of wheat," in order to invite every one to till well his field, seeing that land presents itself liberally to them that have none." It would be interesting to investigate the importance of the New World in forming that idealized conception of a state of nature which came to prove so attractive to the eighteenth century. The above passage may serve also to indicate Mr. Grant's skill as a translator. The task which he set himself, of giving the exact meaning of the text, but at the same time of preserving something of the charm of Lescarbot's style and something of the antique flavor of the prose of a past age, was a task which only a lover of literature and a historian who is deterred by no difficulties would have undertaken. It ought to be said that in this matter he has achieved a marked success. The rendering, so far as the reviewer attempted to make a comparison, is excellent, and in many difficult passages—for example, the preface to the sixth book—the English form has the identical characteristics of structure and the identical bewitching tone or timbre of the original.

Besides the publications of the Jesup Expedition (which dealt only with Northeast Siberia), we have had no description in English of the social life of the aboriginal Siberian populations. Now, in "Aboriginal Siberia, a Study in Social Anthropology" (Oxford University Press; $4), Miss M. A. Czaplicka, of Somerville College, Oxford, has brought together a large mass of material hitherto not accessible to English readers. She has utilized the labors of the large body of Russian ethnologists and anthropologists whose writings, being in Russian, are a sealed book to most European and American students. She has made a special study of Shamanism, and of the phenomena included in the designation "Arctic Hysteria." While her description of Siberian social and religious life does not pretend to be complete, her volume will be of great importance for the understanding of Northern Asia, and, it may be added, will have significance for all persons engaged in ethnological research. The value of the volume is increased by an extensive bibliography and a glossary of native terms.

The Rev. E. A. Wasson, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., has been at great pains in "Religion and Drink" (Burr Printing House) to prove that the burden of testimony in the Bible and in the writings of the early Fathers is in favor of the proper use of liquor. To this end he has collated every text bearing upon the subject in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, and has no difficulty in making out a case which, so far as it goes, is unanswerable. The churchmen of any sect who maintain that the wine used at the marriage in Cana of Galilee and at the Last Supper was unfermented, are in a decided minority, and it is doubtful whether many of them could be converted by the familiar arguments here employed. But the book is a scholarly and conscientious compilation of facts with many of which only students are conversant, and its explanation of the terms employed in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin records are of general interest. The policy of the prohibitionists, however, does not rest entirely upon the mandates of Scripture, but largely upon questions of social, physical, and economic expediency. Nevertheless, Mr. Wasson takes a very strong position when he argues, in his closing chapters, that the best means of combating and vanquishing drunkenness are to be found in moral and religious education, not in legal authority, and that the churches especially should beware of forming any alliance with secular authority, a union which has, in the past, always resulted in persecution and abuses. Mr. Wasson, while believing that liquor is among the good gifts of a beneficial Providence, is, it should be unnecessary to add, a zealous advocate of temperance.

Written as a doctor's thesis in sociology, "The Sociological Implications of Ricardo's Economics," by Cecil Clare North (University of Chicago Press; 50 cents), proposes to round out the Ricardian literature by a chapter on the great economist's place in social philosophy. Other books have studied what Ricardo thought; this book is devoted to a study of what he did not think. For Ricardo, as is well known, based his economic reasoning on abstract hypotheses; few economists of the period before the rise of the mathematical school neglected so consistently the social foundations of economic science. The author follows a path that promises little profit. The most important part of his work has already been done for him. He holds "that the interpretation of Ricardo has failed to recognize two essentials facts . . . (1) that the Ricardian theories were worked out with special reference to specific technical measures which the author was interested in furthering; (2) that the economic data on which his conclusions were founded were not correlated with data of wider social significance." The first of these points was emphasized and illustrated by Cannan some years ago, in his "Theories of Production and Distribution"; the second has been a commonplace of economic thought for generations past. The review in detail of Ricardo's doctrines tends to become perfunctory, or to lose itself in the mist of what Ricardo seemed to think when his attention was really directed on some other object. The author does show how natural were some of the assumptions that Ricardo allowed himself; he presents a satisfactory review of the Ricardian literature, and he gives a sympathetic, even generous appreciation of Ricardo as a man.

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Science

HEREDITY.

Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men. By E. G. Conklin. Princeton University Press. $2 net.

A number of publications have appeared in recent years with the avowed intention of giving a popular account of the interesting results and speculations that are current at present among specialists in biology in regard to development and heredity. Biology, in fact, has something to communicate upon these subjects, and, very properly, some of its leading workers have made the attempt to lay their results before the public. These attempts have not all been successful. It is a matter of great difficulty to present technical details to a popular audience in such manner as to be understood and yet not to depart from the lines of scientific accuracy. Professor Conklin's book seems to accomplish this difficult feat in a most satisfactory way. The author handles his material with the firm touch of one who is intimately acquainted with all its varied phases. He has been particularly fortunate in avoiding the multiplication of specific instances, a tendency that in many books of this character serves to confuse the reader. But the main facts are given clearly and attractively, and their applications to the practical sides of life are discussed in a suggestive and helpful way. The matters considered include such topics as the fertilization of the egg and the subsequent development of the body and mind of the individual, the mechanism of heredity and of sex, the explanations of hereditary resemblances and differences in the light of the Mendelian hypothesis, the influence of the environment upon development, the possibilities of eugenics, and, lastly, the bearing of all these newer facts upon the ethical sides of life. The author endeavors apparently at all times to speak as plainly as the knowledge of the question under discussion permits, so that it is not difficult to get his point of view. At the same time, conflicting speculations, old and new, are presented with a clearness and impartiality which win the confidence of the reader and tend to bring him to a sympathetic understanding of the aims and methods of modern biological investigations. It is, in fact, an admirable book that can be read with interest and profit by the non-specialist, in most parts at least. Some of the cytological details are of necessity difficult to follow for those who may not have had an elementary training in the biological laboratory. In his interesting comments upon the development of the mind and of consciousness, the author is perhaps somewhat dogmatic. It is entirely permissible to assume, as he does, that the mind, like the body, develops out of the germ, but when he states that the "elements out of which consciousness develops are present in the germ cells," and goes on to say or to imply that this conclusion is beyond controversy, he forgets for a moment the becoming attitude of the scientific man towards questions concerning which evidence is lacking or very incomplete. One may hold such a view as highly probable, but to assert that it is incontrovertible goes a step too far. We can understand very well how the various tissues may be evolved from the fertilized egg by processes of differentiation. Such changes are chemically conceivable. We can demonstrate the fact that the egg cell exhibits fundamental properties, such as irritability, sensitivity, responsiveness, and metabolic activity. From such raw material most of the specialized functions exhibited by the adult organism may readily be developed, or at least we can conceive such a course of development, and scientific observation has discovered many of the intervening stages. But who can assert that there is any positive evidence of the existence in the germ cells of a beginning of consciousness? In the denseness of our ignorance on this subject, no view can be accepted as incontrovertible. The proper attitude of mind for the scientific man is one of simple agnosticism, or, if he prefers some positive view, it should at least be stated in tentative terms.

Domestic science schools are multiplying rapidly, and with them treatises useful as textbooks. One of the most valuable and thorough of these is "Food Products" (Macmillan; $2.25), by Henry C. Sherman, professor of food chemistry at Columbia University, a volume of nearly six hundred pages of solid information on all kinds of edibles, their composition, food value, digestibility, economic importance, and the relative ecomonic importance of the industry. Lists of references appended to the different chapters facilitate further research. They strikingly illustrate the recent progress in the science of food.

Dr. Paul Ehrlich, one of the foremost medical scientists in the world, died on Friday of last week at Bad Homburg at the age of sixty-one. In 1908 he shared with Metchnikoff the Nobel prize for medicine. Dr. Ehrlich was born at Strehlen, Germany, on March 14, 1854, and was educated at the Universities of Breslau, Strassburg, Freiburg, and Leipzig. He first became famous because of his studies of blood. These greatly extended the knowledge of the cellular element of the blood, which forms so important a part of medicine to-day. John D. Rockefeller, learning of Dr. Ehrlich's contributions to medical science, authorized the directors of the Rockefeller Institute to place $10,000 at his disposal. Dr. Ehrlich was giving at the time much attention to syphilis, and aided by this appropriation he soon discovered (1909) a substance (an atoxyl derivative) which, upon being injected into the blood of a syphilitic patient, proved highly effective. A record of more than 10,000 cases showed "606"—as the substance was called from its place in a series—to meet the requirements of a cure. Dr. Ehrlich added to his fame by discovering the antitoxin for diphtheria. In announcing his discovery of nigrosin (1912), he expressed the belief that it would prove to be a cure for cancer. In 1914 he began experiments with a remedy for the sleeping sickness.

Dr. Charles J. Finlay, who first put forward the theory that yellow fever is transmitted only through the bite of a mosquito, died last Friday in Havana, Cuba, in his eighty-second year. He was born in Puerto Principe, Cuba, on December 3, 1833. He was educated at the Lycée de Rouen in France and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, from which latter institution he received his degree in medicine in 1855. Returning to Cuba, he became one of the leading physicians on the island. He was a delegate from Cuba to the International Sanitary Conference in Washington in 1881. From 1902 to 1908 he was chief sanitary officer of Cuba, and in 1909 was made honorary president of the Junta Nacional de Sanidad y Beneficencia. Dr. Finlay was a member of the Havana Academy of Sciences, the Sociedad de Estudios Clinicos of Havana, the Société des Sciences of Brussels, the Royal Society of Arts of London, the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and a member of the American Public Health Association. He was also a fellow of the Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of England, an honorary member of the American Society of Tropical Medicine, and the Société de Médecine Tropicale of Paris, and corresponding member of the Académie de Médecine of France.

Drama

"ROLLING STONES."

Mr. Edgar Selwyn's play "Rolling Stones," which had its initial performance last week at the Harris Theatre, is above the average of pre-season productions. Nor is it belied by the author's own description, which styles the play "a melodramatic comedy." It has the crude outlines of melodrama and not only a happy ending, but a vein of genuine comedy. To the last will be owing whatever success the piece may achieve. For of solid construction or even "go" there is next to nothing. Indeed, it is surprising that a writer who has other plays to his credit should find so much difficulty in getting his machinery started. For the purpose of melodrama he has a sufficient theme. Partners of a flourishing candy business have died, leaving behind them an agreement that their fortunes shall go to the son of one and daughter of the other, provided these two shall marry each other. But the one who first disobeys the injunction by wedding another shall be deprived of any portion of the fortune. Of course, these two independent young people determine to marry whom they please, and a pretty intrigue is presently afoot.

It is in furtherance of this plot that the real comedy of the play appears. Dave Fulton (remarkably well played by Charles Ruggles), spurred on by an accomplice equally down and out, agrees to impersonate Jericho W. Braden, one of the heirs to the estate, who is supposed to have been killed in a railway accident. The combination of daring, and physical and moral timidity demanded by the author is most convincing in the representation of Mr. Ruggles, who throughout the play is an amusing and quaintly appealing figure. For the rest, it is enough to say that the play is no better than the usual productions with which managers attempt at this season to feel out their audiences.

F.

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"The Growth of English Drama" (Oxford: the Clarendon Press; 3s. 6d. net), by Arnold Wynne, is a scholarly, comprehensive, and convenient handbook. To students of early English dramatic literature it has, of course, nothing new to offer, but for the casual or less diligent reader, desirous of acquiring intelligent acquaintance with the main outlines of a big subject, without the expenditure of much time or labor, it will prove uncommonly useful. Beginning with a brief sketch of early church drama on the Continent, it furnishes excellent summaries and descriptions of the miracle plays of the twelfth and succeeding centuries in England and of the late moralities and interludes. Here Mr. Wynne traverses old and well-trodden ground, but the critical acumen with which he points out the significance of each development, the copiousness of his well-selected quotations, and his concise analysis of plot give decided value and interest to his volume. He has been at pains to supply just the information which is missing from most short works of this description and which could only be obtained by reference to the original texts, or those standard commentaries which are not at everybody's disposal. Moreover, his individual comments are, as a rule, eminently sagacious, while his style is vigorous and attractive. Nearly one-half of his book is devoted to a consideration of the comedies of Lily, Greene, Peele, and Nash, and the tragedies of Lodge, Kyd, and Marlowe. In his comparative estimates of Lily, Greene, and Peele he is particularly happy, and in discussing Euphuism he displays a pleasing originality in dwelling on the potential graces rather than the obvious absurdities of the school. His remarks on the foundations and principles of dramatic construction are sounder than his application of them. In the light of Shakespeare—whom he does not reach—it is difficult to sympathize with his enthusiasm over some of these early tragedies. In characterization and action they are the crudest of rawhead and bloody bones melodrama. Their occasional literary felicities are another matter altogether. Mr. Wynne wofully exaggerates the value of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," even if it did, in some respects, mark a step in dramatic evolution. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" is, undoubtedly, a work of poetic genius, but Barabas is a grotesque psychological impossibility, whom even Samuel Phelps, with all his declamatory and emotional power, could not galvanize into renewed life. Marlowe was a great poet, who knew how to cater to the theatrical tastes of his time, and he has an imperishable fame in literature, but his disappearance from the stage is, perhaps, sufficient proof of his essential defects as a dramatist. Of the splendor and power of many of his individual scenes there can be no question. Mr. Wynne's book amply fulfils its main purpose and may be heartily commended.

"The Unveiling" (Putnam; $1.25), a poetic drama in five acts, by Jackson Boyd, is an ambitious effort to explain, on scientific principles, the whole order and scheme of the universe from the first living atom to the final consummation, the establishment of ideal man in a kingdom of Heaven upon earth. The inhabitants of this Paradise, however, are to remain subject to the prevailing conditions of mortality. Man, it seems, is to work out his own salvation, by gaining wisdom from experience and acquiring a mastery of all the secrets of nature, which, of course, is not an original idea. The play is supposed to be the dream of a college student. In it Ormazd and Ahriman, the spirits of good and evil, are incarnated, and reveal to him—after he had elected to be a disciple of Ahriman—the consequences of his choice, brief success and final ruin. For acting purposes the play is hopeless, on account of its portentous length, its chaotic construction, the exceeding blankness of its verse, and the confusion of spiritual and material ideas, which the dream figment does not excuse or explain. But it is the work of a clever man, whose ideals are high—if not of the most inspiring kind—and contains some admirable individual scenes, in which theological opportunism and various social hypocrisies are assailed with refreshing vigor. What is a little strange is that the vision of a man of such determined optimism, and faith in the evolutionary forces of nature, should not be able to see further. But he should write in prose and study the art of condensation.

There is some charming work in "Earth Deities and Other Rhythmic Masques," by Bliss Carman and Mary Perry King (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50). "The Dance Diurnal," in which Night, Day, Shine, and Shadow weave their figures to mark the eternal successions of light and darkness, is full of happy descriptive fancy, and "Earth Deities," in which visions of Vertumnus, Iris, Syrinx, Fauna, Psyche, Beroe, Ceres, Bacchante, Pomona, and Daphne reward the rapt student of Nature, is saturated with the old classic pagan spirit, and expressed with all the verbal felicity, perceptive imagination, and melodic grace characteristic of Mr. Carman's verse. The delicacy of the lines relating to Daphne contrasts admirably with the rattling roll and "frenzied throb" of the Bacchic lines. The "Pas de Trois," for Pierrot, Pierrette, and Columbine, to the accompaniment furnished by an organ man, is a delightful and ingenious jingle. "The Children of the Year" is of altogether inferior quality.

"Radisson, the Voyageur," a verse drama in four acts, by Lily A. Long (Holt; $1), is vastly superior to the majority of pieces of similar description dealing with the adventures, real or imaginary, of far western pioneers. In the first place, it has a fresh and solid historical foundation. The names of Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law, the Sieur de Grosseillers, were entirely unknown to fame, until the accidental discovery of old manuscripts, thirty years ago, revealed the fact that their explorations, as hunters and trappers, led to the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company. They were among the first white men, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to penetrate the recesses of the great Northwest, and their actual adventures contained all the elements of romance, except a love story. This the author has very wisely and ingeniously woven into the actual records, with excellent effect. In the theatre the drama would be impracticable, for many reasons, but, as she suggests, it might easily —by liberal excisions—be converted into an admirable instrument for interesting and instructive outdoor pageantry. The Indian scenes offer a variety of spectacular opportunities. If the verse is not particularly rich in poetic inspiration, it is smooth, animated, and agreeable, while the tale itself is interesting and the different characters are sketched with spirit and vitality.

Music

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Early Opera in America. By O. G. Sonneck. New York: G. Schirmer.

Studies in Musical Education: History and Æsthetics. Ninth Series. Hartford: Music Teachers' National Association. $1.60.

Oscar G. Sonneck, Chief of the Division of Music in the Library of Congress, is not one of those historians who compile their books from the tomes of their predecessors. A few years ago he issued a volume on "Early Concert-Life in America," which had involved a prodigious amount of original research in newspaper files and other documents. To this book he has now added as companion an equally scholarly and valuable treatise on early opera in this country. He admits his indebtedness to the three bulky volumes making up George A. Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," to which he refers as a work "truly monumental and so astonishingly full of information that merely to extract and copy the musical data would mean to have compiled a fairly exhaustive monograph on our early opera, opera singers, opera houses, and so forth." But the greater part of Mr. Sonneck's history is based on independent research. Much of the material contained in it was written originally for serial publication in the *New Music Review*. At one time the author was so impressed with the inadequacy of what he had been able to gather that he almost cast aside the projected book as "hopeless." Fortunately, this was only a passing mood, for while much remains to be done, chiefly by local chroniclers with unlimited time at their disposal, it is none the less true that Mr. Sonneck's monograph goes far towards reaching his goal of laying bare the roots of opera in America.

He reaches the conclusion—subject to correction by local historians—that the first opera advertised by title for performance on American soil was "Flora, or Hob in the Well," an English ballad opera, which was produced on February 18, 1735, at Charleston, S. C. Charleston was, throughout the eighteenth century, one of the country's chief musical centres, although at the end of the century it had only 20,000 inhabitants. Other centres at that time were New York, with a population of 60,000, Philadelphia (70,000), Boston, and Baltimore (about 25,000 each). One of the most striking results of Mr. Sonneck's investigations is that not only these leading cities, but smaller ones, like Providence (9,000), Salem (8,000), Washington (3,000), and Hartford (3,000), with many others of similar size, came in every year for one or several musical "seasons." The author considers this fact particularly significant, so far as the towns of New England are concerned, "for there, we have been taught, the pleasures of life were not looked upon as necessities, as down South." Another interesting reflection is

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that in this early period there was an organization named the Old American Company, which had in its repertory, besides an equal number of tragedies, comedies, and farces, between fifty and sixty musical entertainments; which proves that, together with early concert enterprises, opera, using the word in its most elastic sense, filled our principal cities with music to an extent which cities of similar size do not possess to-day; a remark which, so far as quantity is concerned, applies even to New York. It should be borne in mind, too, that the presence of an opera company in a town resulted in concerts given by their principal singers.

Naturally, some of the details in this book regarding early performances and those who appeared in them make dry reading. Mr. Sonneck atones for this by providing amusing illustrations of the manners and customs of the olden times. There was not, in those days, the modern craze to witness first performances. A Philadelphia correspondent, in reviewing the reopening of the New Theatre, remarks that "as the *beau monde* repudiates the idea of a first-night performance, we were not surprised at meeting but few ladies there." A managerial announcement declared that "the music will be assigned for each evening—it is therefore requested that no particular tunes may be called for by the audience." Provincial orchestras were often made up in part of amateurs, who, we read in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of November 30, 1769, "as they have no view but to contribute to the entertainment of the Public, certainly claim a Protection from any manner of Insult," such as, to cite another request printed in 1794, "throwing apples, stones, etc., into the orchestra." Such things, to be sure, may happen to-day; and in many ways the olden customs were similar to those of our time, as in the matter of endless encores at the concerts given by operatic singers, the result, in some cases, being that the entertainment was "protracted to so late an hour as to leave the contending songsters to a show of empty benches and a handful of tired-out hearers; the audience preferring to retire at a reasonable hour."

While it is doubtless true that, as pointed out by Mr. Sonneck, the American cities of all sizes had proportionately more musical entertainment, two centuries ago, than they have now, qualitatively the comparison is in our favor. One would, for example, look in vain in the olden days for even a germ of a volume like the Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association, the ninth annual volume of which is now before us. Every paper in this book bears witness, directly or indirectly, to the surprising growth of musical activity not only in public entertainments, but in homes and schools, where teachers are kept busy. It is almost startling, for example, to read, in the chapter headed Report of Public-School Conference, regarding Oakland, Cal., that in that city there are forty-two grade schools in which no fewer than twenty-three bands are organized, and twenty-one orchestras! It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such a situation for the future of musical appreciation. Under the head of "A New Mission for the Violin," Prof. Paul Stoeving, of the Guildhall School, London, tells about the National Union of School Orchestras in England. Every year a festival is held by this Union at Crystal Palace. In June, 1914, the number of violin players heard together in that building reached the stupendous maximum of 6,800; yet these represent but a small fraction, the London pick at the most, of the actual number of school children who play the violin. In 5,000 schools all over the country, orchestras have been formed, with a total of something like 200,000 violin-playing children—"a movement of gigantic proportions and incalculable possibilities." Professor Stoeving believes that a similar American movement will soon render the English prototype "a mere apology"; and he is pleased with this amazing and steadily growing activity in both countries, at a time when concert-givers so often appear in empty halls. What has been wanting heretofore in England, as well as in America, is "music-making in the home"; and this will be greatly promoted by way of the flourishing condition of music in the schools. From this movement the writer expects much better results than from free concerts, the value of which seems to him problematical.

Among the other interesting papers in this volume may be mentioned an account by J. Lawrence Erb, of the Fifth International Congress at Paris in 1914; "Musical Evolution in Russia," by Jaroslaw de Zielinski; "Musical Education in the British Isles," by Percy A. Scholes; William Howard's "The Voice Teacher's Opportunity in the National Awakening"; "Music in the Pacific Northwest," by Elias Blum; "The Will to Practice," by the President of the Association, Charles H. Farnsworth; "A New Era in Piano Study," by Henry Holden Huss; "High-School Orchestras as a Stimulus to Instrumental Study"; "The Symphonies of Mahler," by P. G. Clapp; and a few pages on the Music Division of the New York Public Library, by Edward Silsky.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Prof. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin College, is one of the leading musical educators of the time. To his three valuable books: "Music in the History of the Western Church," "The Study of the History of Music," and "The Education of a Music Lover," he has now added a fourth, "Music and the Higher Education" (Scribner; $1.50 net), which cannot be commended too highly, particularly to the professors and college trustees of this country. It is, in the main, a plea for the recognition of music in our institutions as one of the great forces making for true culture, a barrier against "the swelling tide of vulgarity and debasement." The author's profound yet lucid thoughts on the true inwardness and function of music will open the eyes of many college dignitaries who are still skeptical as to its value. His able arguments will be aided by the fortunate circumstance that the tide is turning in their favor. Edward MacDowell seemed to lose his fight for university recognition of the fine arts; but the cause is now winning. Up to a certain point, music has long been welcomed as a precious influence in college life. "The student song is a branch of the folk-song, spontaneous and inevitable. If a college could be found anywhere in the wide earth where singing was unknown, one would infer but dry returns from a mental life so hard and joyless." The religious branch of music has also long been fostered, as an aid to devotion, but secular art-music is only just beginning to get its dues. Professor Dickinson's book not only pleads eloquently for equal recognition of this great branch, but points out in detail what should be done to make it count as a true educational force. The second half of his treatise is concerned principally with the subject of musical appreciation. Emerson remarked that Thoreau had the eye of a bird. His "Journals," says Professor Dickinson, "display an almost incredible acuteness of vision," and his ear for the sounds of nature was equally keen. Ruskin declared that in one of Turner's landscapes there is not a space as large as a grain of wheat that does not contain gradations in color. Thoreau and Ruskin endow their readers with new senses. They taught appreciation of the arts, and teachers of appreciation of the fine arts, including music, are, in Professor Dickinson's opinion, what our colleges need.

Art

"The Art of the Exposition," by Eugen Neuhaus (San Francisco: Paul Elder), is a prettily made book devoted to the architecture, sculpture, and mural painting of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, excluding exhibits of gallery type. There are a number of illustrations. The criticism is generally judicious, but written in a very lumbering English.

"The Studio" Yearbook of Decorative Art for 1915 (Lane; $3 net) lacks perforce the usual articles and illustrations from continental Europe, but includes as recompense a rather fragmentary and desultory chapter on Architecture and Decoration in the United States, by Alfred Yockney. This latter department should be continued and enlarged, with a view to offering a really catholic representation of the best work of American craftsmen. The present selections seem to be confined to a few examples casually picked up in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Nothing is shown of the very active production of artistic handicraft in Chicago and elsewhere west of the Alleghanies. The British chapters, profusely illustrated, comprise Small Country Houses and Cottages, by M. Baillie Scott; British Domestic Architecture; Thatching, by Sydney R. Jones, a very fascinating subject; British Decoration, and Wall Paper Designers and Their Work, by Horace Warner. The text, as usual, is informational and much better written, in a literary sense, than that of average articles in our American fine art magazines. The pictures, like those of the 1914 yearbook, seem to prove that domestic architecture in Great Britain is in a very promising state, and that the applied arts are not altogether keeping pace with its development.

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"Lost Mosaics and Frescoes of Rome of the Mediæval Period," by C. R. Morey, number IV of "Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology" (Princeton University Press; $2), is a publication of drawings made for the antiquary Cassiano dal Pozzo, and now at Windsor. These rude colored copies Professor Morey identifies as the work of Antonio Eclissi. They were made early in the seventeenth century at a moment of general demolition and rebuilding. Happily, certain pious antiquaries took the pains to copy these disappearing monuments. Upon such copies, for example, we largely depend for our knowledge of the decorations of St. Paul Outside the Walls and of old St. Peter's. The Windsor copies, though well known as part of the Albani collection, from which they passed to George III only against Winckelmann's protest, have never been so fully published. Professor Morey makes a selection of the more instructive sheets. Some, as is the case in S. Lorenzo in Lucina and the Chapel of St. Nicholas in the Lateran, preserve designs which have been destroyed. Others, as S. Teodoro, SS. Cosme e Damiano, and S. Passera, throw light on the original state of much restored pictures. Virtually all the material presented is of work of the thirteenth century or thereabouts. Thus the study adds considerably to our data for the understanding of the movement that culminated in Pietro Cavallini. The seventeen illustrations, representing eight compositions, are accompanied by an elaborate and learned commentary. From it we may only mention a more convincing reading of the imperfect signature of Cavallini, at Sta. Maria Nuova. The Windsor drawings not seldom offer new epigraphic evidence. We shall await with interest the author's further cultivation of this field.

Finance

THE ARABIC AND THE MARKET.

It was natural that the news, last Thursday afternoon, of the destruction of the Arabic by a German submarine, with loss of American lives, should have instantly affected the Stock Exchange. Wall Street recalled the break of 10 to 30 points, in stocks which had previously been a focus of speculation, when the news of the Lusitania arrived on the 7th of May. Prices for these very stocks had gone still higher, during the intervening time. The outside public's speculative activities in them had extended widely. If fear of a breach with Germany had been the primary cause of the demoralized market of three months ago, that danger was unquestionably very much nearer now.

In the three or four days after the news from the Arabic, there occurred in fact a sufficiently violent decline. Prices of half a dozen of the most active speculative shares fell 9 to 18 points from the prices quoted just before the news came in. When this week's market opened, it was felt that the real test of the financial situation, in its relation to this latest German outrage, was at hand. The course of events on the Stock Exchange was peculiar, and perhaps significant.

The story of the market was of a violent break, with the sales coming largely from good financial quarters, followed by an even more violent recovery, in which the previous declines in prices were for the most part cancelled, and in which the outside public was a heavy buyer—wholly in connection with rumors as to the Arabic and the controversy with Germany. On Tuesday afternoon, at the top of an unimpeded upward reaction of more than one full day, came the news of Count Bernstorff's communication to the State Department, which on Wall Street, was interpreted as disavowing, in behalf of the German Government, the action of the German submarine.

A very remarkable incident in itself, this move of the Berlin Foreign Office was hardly less remarkable for the manner in which the Stock Exchange foreshadowed it. Apparently, it was an instance either of the prescience with which the stock market always measures the probabilities of an important situation, or, what sometimes amounts to the same thing, of the channels of private information possessed by the higher circles of finance, which find heir expression ultimately on the Stock Exchange. Yet, behind all this probable influence of secret knowledge in advance, the interesting fact of the present market has been the persistency on the part of the general "outside public," in the belief that even war with Germany could not arrest the revival of American prosperity.

Was this belief well-grounded, or not? Declaration of war with Germany would not necessarily have interfered with some of the elements in our present financial and industrial prestige. As matters stand in the European war, this country could not be invaded. Our land forces could not come into actual contact with those of Germany. Our trade with all nations outside the Triple Alliance would continue; those nations would still buy our agricultural and manufactured products, and the breaking-off of diplomatic relations with Germany would not sever our trade with her any more completely than it is severed already by the English blockade of the German coast.

In the more conservative circles of finance, the visible evidence of this country's powerful economic situation is as yet the bulwark against despondency and misgiving over the German controversy. With the public at large, the enormous orders for war munitions, causing activity in our factories and swelling our outward trade, is the main consideration. It is yet to be determined, how far the first ground of reassurance would persist if the dispute with Germany were to reach a state of war. Nor is it yet entirely clear to what extent even the "munitions exports" would be affected in such case. The speculative public's equanimity might be seriously upset, even by the calling of Congress in extra session; for a hot debate on our English and German relations, and effort to bring about an embargo on munitions exports would then inevitably ensue.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bowman, R. The Invisible Night. McBride. $1.10 net.
Cramp, W. S. Myrta. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.
Galsworthy, J. The Freelands. Scribner. $1.35 net.
O'Brien, H. V. Thirty. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Vivian, E. C. The Young Man Absalom. Dutton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dewey, J. The School and Society. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Durkheim, E. L'Allemagne au-dessus de tout. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Junks, E. A. An Index of the Adverbs of Terence. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Murray, Sir James A. H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. X. Trink-turn-down. Oxford University Press.
Osborne, T. M. The Story of Canada Blackie. Dutton. $1 net.
Redgrove, H. S. The Magic of Experience. Dutton. $1 net.
Ritter, W. E. War, Science, and Civilization. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Rutherford, M. Last Pages from a Journal. Oxford University Press.
Seignobos, C. Du Congrès de Vienne à la Guerre de 1914. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Van Hoonacker, A. Une Communauté Judéo-Araméenne à Eléphantine, en Egypte, aux VIe et Ve Siècles av. J.-C. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.
Wilson, Sir James. Lowland Scotch. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Trask, K. The Mighty and the Lowly. Macmillan. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Brown, W. J. The Underlying Principles of Legislation. Dutton.
Münsterberg, H. Business Psychology. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Murray, G. The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Gibbs, P. The Soul of the War. McBride. $1.75 net.
Gregg, F. M. The Founding of a Nation. 2 volumes. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $7.50 net.
Guilland, A. Modern Germany and Her Historians. McBride. $2.25 net.
I Accuse. By a German. Translated by A. Gray. Doran. $1.50 net.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The War and After. London: Methuen & Co. 1s. net.
Myres, J. L. The Provision for Historical Studies at Oxford. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

POETRY.

Bryant, W. C. Thanatopsis, Sella, and Other Poems. Progressive School Classics. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.
Lowell, J. R. The Vision of Sir Launfal and Other Poems. Progressive School Classics. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.
Norwood, R. W. His Lady of the Sonnets. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Bauer, L. A., and Fleming, J. A. Land Magnetic Observations, 1911-13, and Reports on Special Researches. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hale, G. E. Ten Years' Work of a Mountain Observatory. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hasse, A. R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the U. S. New Jersey. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Papers from the Department of Marine Biology. Vol. VIII. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

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Rankin, H. A. Lantern Making. Dutton. $1 net.

Richards, H. M. Acidity and Gas Interchange in Cacti. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Step, E. Marvels of Insect Life. McBride. $3.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ashley, R. H. Chemical Calculations. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Deming, A. G. Language Games for all Grades. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.

Palmer, C. I., and Taylor, D. P. Plane Geometry. Scott, Foresman & Co. 80 cents net.

Rietz, H. L. Crathorne, A. R., and Taylor, E. H. School Algebra. Holt.

Scott, H. F. Elementary Latin. Scott, Foresman & Co. $1 net.

Sindelar, J. C. Morning Exercises for All the Year. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.

The Arabian Nights. Translated by E. W. Lane. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

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